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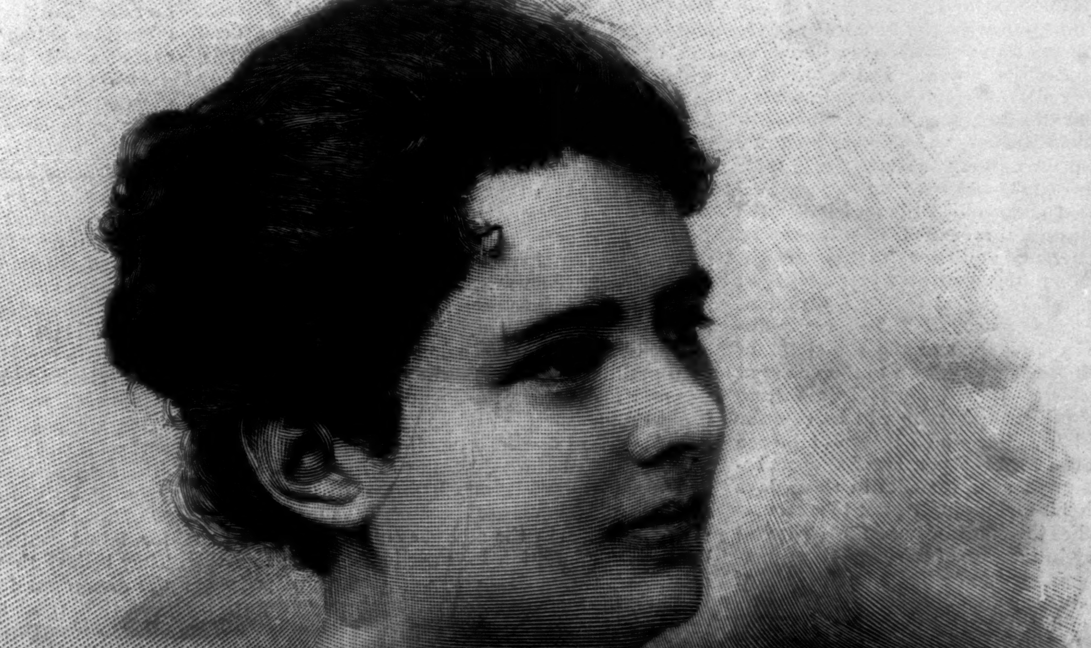

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE TWO PARTIES.

THE two parties which now compete for the control of the nation are the same in name which have thus competed ever since 1856. The organization of each has been continuous. There have been gradual and great changes in the membership and policy of each; but the Democratic party on the one hand, and the Republican party on the other, have maintained their opposition to one another, each as the representative at all times of conflicting policies upon living questions. Neither has undergone at any fixed time a reconstruction or a revolution, either in its creed or its membership; and many thousands of thinking men stand in either rank, devoted to it, as they believe, in allegiance to the principles it has advocated for a generation.

Yet the vital issues in which **LINCOLN**, **SUMNER**, **SEWARD**, and **CHASE** led on one side, and **DAVIS**, **BRECKINRIDGE**, **BUCHANAN**, and **SEYMOUR** on the other, have no connection with the issues of to-day. The Republicans were united to dislodge the slave power from control of the nation. The Democrats, as a party, were its defenders. On these lines the parties divided, and all other questions were subordinate. The tariff had been a great political issue for half a century; but the nation had decided it in 1844; and the tariff acts of 1846 and 1857, with general acquiescence, enforced and applied the decision in the wisest and most successful revenue laws this country ever enjoyed. Currency questions, in their present forms, were unknown, the gold or silver dollar, of equal value, being alone recognized by the nation. The evils of Executive patronage were already discussed, but only by students, and the principles of reform in the civil service, unknown to the voters at large, had no influence in elections. In short, no single vote for President this year will be cast for any reasons of public policy which had prominence in 1856, 1860, or even 1864. Appeals for support because of a party's great achievements in those days are addressed to habit and prejudice, not to reason.

In what, then, lies the continuity of these parties? The answer is easy in the case of the Republican party. Justly representing the overwhelming force of patriotism, it obtained complete control of the government in 1861, and has never been completely dislodged. Its development is expressed in outline by the legislative history of the last generation. That it was soon carried too far by a generous enthusiasm for liberty, and, in the "civil rights law" and in constitutional amendments, made provisions at variance with any tenable theory of the Union, was a natural and not ruinous excess of zeal. Its noble record for statesmanship was tarnished by partisan extravagance in the "tenure-of-office law" and in the impeachment of President **JOHNSON**. But its fatal error was made on economic ground. The war demanded immense revenues from taxation. The taxes vitally affected many industries, and those whose concentration and activity enabled them to influence legislation obtained extraordinary favors. To frame a tariff was to decide the fate of thousands of mining and manufacturing proprietors for vast wealth or for poverty. The majority of Congress and its committees, composed of and by the leaders of the party, became the oracles of destiny, the arbiters of fortune. Here is the key to the history of the Republican party. To shape taxes for the benefit of those who could pay for them by political support became a leading aim of its statesmanship, which culminated in the **MCKINLEY** tariff law of 1890, as payment for the election by manufacturing magnates of **HARRISON** and **MORTON**.

Thus the Republican party, which once represented the devotion of the people to the inseparableness of Union and liberty, has become the party whose distinctive idea is the perversion of taxation from the support of the government to the enrichment of a class of political supporters. The only piece of its policy which connects it in any way with its original principles is the force bill, the plan to make elections free in the States by garrisoning the polls under direction of the party in power at Washington. But this conception is so at war with the spirit of our institutions, and so obnoxious to the people wherever there is a prospect of its execution, that its advocacy by the candidates and the platform is already seen to be an element of weakness. Devised while the war spirit of the Union survived, it has no use now except to seem to connect the party with its origin, and, by raising a direct issue with the whole South, to revive the traditional fervor with which patriotism was once arrayed against that section. By this, as a slogan for those who have not yet accepted Appomattox—for all who are too bitter to forgive or too narrow to understand what forgiveness means; for the few unreconstructed rebels against peace and union still found in the North—votes are to be asked for the cause of monopoly and private taxation. In the same spirit pension legislation, by its lavish wastefulness and by dishonest administration, has been made one of the most corrupting agencies in American society. Losing the ground of principle on which the party rightfully claimed the support of Union soldiers, it undertakes to purchase their vote in a mass with the public money, and that on a scale unapproached by the largesses with which aspirants to empire bought and degraded the armies of Rome. As far as this is a political scheme, it is only the more base because it is an abuse of a sentiment as noble as it is universal—the boundless gratitude of the nation to its defenders.

On the other hand, the development of the Democratic party of our day has been much more complicated; nor has it yet reached the compact organization or definite purpose of its rival. Indeed, the only definition which will fairly embrace its varied forces from 1856 till now, is that of a combination to obtain and hold office. To certain negations its platforms have clung, as if conscious that they are its historical reason for existence. Even the chief of these, the protest against Federal centralization, has now no hold on the general mind in the North, and would be a sleeping issue, though not a dead one, but for the Republican folly of the force bill, which promises to consolidate the South as firmly as ever. Apart from traditional Jeffersonian maxims, accepted vaguely as Democratic ideas, the only principle capable of dictating a definite policy on which the party could claim historical consistency down to 1884 was that of a tariff for revenue. On this it won the signal triumph of 1844; and while 1848 brought defeat to its candidates and its organization, this principle remained the policy of the nation till the civil war. Meanwhile the party gave itself up to the slave power, to which the tariff question was but an incident. When the patriotic party crushed it, entering on a long lease of power, and then gradually fell under the control of class interests and monopolies, the Democratic protest against it was timid, sporadic, and apparently hopeless. The party had no large idea, no inspiring thought, and seemed to be drifting into the attitude of criticism and mere contradiction which makes political life ignoble. The temporary and partial success of 1884 was gained less by the advocacy of any doctrine than by earnest opposition to a particular man; and the politics of the nation never seemed more petty or less instructive than during the period of a government divided between the parties and controlled by neither, which followed. It was by no merit of the Democratic organization, by no inspiration of its skilled leaders, but by the courage and statesmanship of the man whom they for far other purposes had placed at their head, that the party in 1888 was filled with new life. In his last annual message before the election, President **CLEVELAND** revived for it the reign of ideas, the representation of principle, the platform of statesmanship. Standing on the demonstrations of social science, he attacked the abuse of the taxing power for private ends. He showed how this custom, already fixed and embodied in the tariff laws, inflicts endless wrong on the mass of citizens, demoralizes and degrades the sources of power, stimulates reckless improvidence in the government, and especially throws intolerable burdens on agriculture. He called for the immediate revision and amendment of "our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable, and illogical source of unnecessary taxation."

From this message of December, 1887, may fairly be dated a new national Democratic party. It was not welcomed by the "bosses." Some of them, and the constituents of many more, derive great revenues from the sale of goods protected by the tariff. Others, caring only for immediate success, wished no positive principle, which would arouse fierce opposition, complicating the canvass, when the "machine" might be successful without it. But thousands recognized the call of the party of the future. Thoughtful men, eager for reform in politics; students of social science and of history; farmers who sell what duties cannot enhance in price, and buy what bears the full burden of taxes; men of fixed income and workers for wages whose value for life and enjoyment is cut down by the tariff; small manufacturers, too weak or too scattered to work in politics for the adjustment of duties to suit themselves; tradesmen of all classes who suffer when monopolies weigh upon the general prosperity—all these began to see that their cause, the cause of the whole people, had at last a spokesman and champion. Had the party managers, in full sympathy with the leader, forced the fighting on his lines, the narrow margin of defeat in 1888 would certainly have been changed to a decided victory. But the Republican managers organized the protected classes more compactly and with larger resources than ever, and by a not too scrupulous use of these, regained control, though barely, of the whole government. They used it to reward their allies by a new tariff, more discriminating in its iniquitous favoritism than any before it. It was so contrived as largely to reduce the revenues of the nation, while increasing those of many great protected industries, giving up much of the taxation for the government, while adding to that for favored monopolies.

Reform in our national government is essentially one impulse, one principle, one policy. Demoralizing and iniquitous taxation is intimately associated with all other demoralizing and iniquitous methods of legislation and administration Thoughtful students of history will see the connection between our vicious tariff system and that extension of "bossism" which makes a complete reform of the civil service more essential than ever. They see that the waste and corruption of our pensions are largely a result of the same cause. They see that the schemes by which ignorance, fanaticism, and avarice are conspiring to degrade the currency owe most of their dangerous strength to the laws which have trained men to seek wealth in legislation rather than in industry. The revolt of 1890 against the **MCKINLEY** tariff was the first expression of an outraged people against a great wrong, and the passion which inspired it seemed for the time to be exhausted in the effort. But there is deeper meaning in the widespread growth of an intelligent sentiment of reform, in the profound conviction that public office is a public trust, and that its powers must be exercised only for the people's good. It is the rapid growth of this sentiment, demanding a single eye to the nation's welfare in every appointment to office, in every enactment of a tax, in every expenditure of the people's money, that is the significant feature of American political life. With the call for tariff reform as the type of its demands, as the first and immediate practical end to be reached by success in this election, independents unite with the young Democracy and proclaim their purpose to apply this principle everywhere.

The independents accept **GROVER CLEVELAND**, the candidate of the Democratic party, as, on the whole, the foremost representative of the principle, and will give him a cordial support. Not pretending to approve the views or to tolerate the methods of many who call themselves Democrats, with no sympathy for party bosses or organizations which subordinate principles to momentary success, they still rejoice that within this reinvigorated party the power of all such elements has yielded to the demand for broad statesmanship and far-sighted policy. They believe that the force of truth will consolidate the discordant fragments which form the party, or that if it repel some of these, it will attract better and stronger support from without, and that the way is open to-day, as it has not been in many years, for an educational canvass in the cause of reform, with strong prospects of an immediate success, which shall be an important service to the nation, and with the certainty that the final triumph of that cause in the civil administration of the government at large, as well as in the laws of taxation and currency, cannot long be delayed.

SOME LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE LABOR TROUBLES.

THE American people are a people of workers, and it may safely be asserted that the prevailing sentiment among them is always in sympathy with every endeavor of working-men to better their condition in a reasonable way and by lawful means. If during the recent labor troubles public opinion was almost uniformly against the strikers, there were reasons for it which working-men will find it to their advantage to study.

It is not improbable that the enterprising spirits among the labor unions should have thought the period of a Presidential campaign an especially propitious time for bold strokes. This is not surprising. The demonstrative readiness of the politicians of both parties in Congress and in State Legislatures to comply with every demand made of them in the name of labor, and the almost comical alacrity with which one of the candidates for national honors in the present campaign immediately after his nomination radically changed his attitude towards one of the unions, were well apt to produce the impression that the politicians, with the Presidential election before them, would fairly tumble over one another in bidding for the labor vote. There was one serious mistake in this calculation. As soon as the working-men resorted to violence to carry their points, public opinion at once ceased to inquire into the merits of their original complaints and demands, and only insisted that the laws must be enforced and the peace and order of society be rigidly maintained against all comers. Then the politicians, how ever subservient they otherwise might have been, promptly remembered that there are a great many more votes outside than inside of the labor unions, and that no political party can afford to throw away a great many votes for a few. From this, prudent working-men will conclude that any resort to lawless violence will put them in the wrong, however just their complaints or demands, and will strip them of whatever political influence they otherwise would possess.

An attempt was made by Mr. **Sweeney**, the Grand Master of the Switchmen's Union, several days after he had ordered the switchmen's strike at Buffalo, to induce the railroad companies to submit the whole difficulty for settlement to a board of arbitration, and in the mean time to reinstate the strikers in the places they had abandoned. This attempt failed, of course. Railroad business cannot wait, and the companies had therefore been obliged to fill the places at once as far as possible; and in order to fill them they had to promise the new men permanent employment. These men could not be turned out again pending arbitration. Had Mr. **Sweeney** thought of arbitration first, instead of striking first, the case might have worn an entirely different aspect. The complaints and demands of the working-men would have been considered on their merits, either by a board of arbitration, or, if the companies had refused to arbitrate, by an unprejudiced and rather favorably disposed public. If then, in consequence of the denial of arbitration, a strike had been resorted to, the strikers, with a just cause, would have had public opinion on their side, and with it a greatly enhanced chance of success. From such an experience sensible men will draw the lesson that, instead of striking first and then seeking arbitration, it is the part of wisdom to seek arbitration or some other mode of peaceable agreement first, and then consider whether striking will be necessary.

It must have occurred to many working-men that their leaders, who did not see these obvious truths, but rashly hurried those whose fortunes they had in charge into disastrous ventures, must have been men either of very little sagacity or of reckless character; at any rate, men not fit for a leadership conferring upon them large discretionary powers. The public have long been looking on with wonder to what kind of persons American freemen will intrust the authority to determine whether and on what conditions they shall be permitted to work or obliged to lay down their tools. It may be said that the working-men must take such leaders as they can find among their number, and that the choice is not very great. This may be true; but then they should most carefully limit the powers to be exercised by such leaders, as they are limited, for instance, in the Firemen's Union. The power to throw hundreds and thousands of men out of work and to plunge important branches of the business of the country into confusion, would be too great a power for any man, ever so able and ever so high-minded. In any event, the working-men's leaders should be made to feel their responsibility in a sensible manner. The grand masters, the walking delegates, and the other potentates who, at their own sweet will, order men out on strike, receive handsome salaries from their respective organizations. While the strikers have to go without wages, the salaries of those who ordered the strikes continue as before. It may even happen that a walking delegate or a grand master orders a strike for the very purpose of showing that he deserves his pay. Would it not be wise for the working-men to stop the salaries of the walking delegates and the grand masters so long as a strike ordered by them is going on, so that the leaders may at least share the fortunes of their brethren who by the ordered strike have been deprived of their wages? At the same time, by way of compensation, an extra reward might be offered to these leaders in every case in which they succeed in composing a difference with employers or in securing some other advantage to their constituents by peaceable means, without any interruption of work. Such an arrangement would no doubt greatly reduce the number of strikes, save the working-men very large sums of money in wages, relieve the business of the country of much disturbance, and make the walking delegates and the grand masters more prudent, more useful, and more respectable men than they have ever been before. But far better will it be to abolish the dictatorships altogether.

There are two fundamental principles which members of labor unions are most apt to forget, but which as Americans they should constantly have in their minds. One is, that if one man has a right to labor, so has another. The assertion that a man who does not belong to a labor union has no right to accept work on conditions which a member of a union will not accept, goes against the very essence of that freedom which forms the vitality of our whole political system. The other principle is that the worker is entitled to reward according to the quantity and quality of his work. Some labor unions have made it their policy to secure to the inferior worker a chance equal to that of the superior by discouraging superior efficiency. This policy strikes at the very roots of civilization, for when the skilful, the industrious, the provident, may look for no better chance of reward or advancement in life than the unskilful, the shiftless, the improvident, one of the main incitements to progressive exertion is taken away, and civilization will come to a standstill. Prudent working-men will take this into serious consideration, and carefully avoid conflicts in which they would be on the distinctly un-American side.

URBANUS REDUX.

Among the kindest provisions by which a merciful Creator reconciles man to a more or less protracted stay on earth is the capacity given him for finding delight in change. In the face of all that can be said in favor of American cities, it might as well be admitted that they are pretty bad places in midsummer. The bigger they are, and therefore the better as cities, the more intolerable they become in July and August to folks who cannot leave them, and the more unspeakably delightful it is to swap their heat and noise and solid structure for green fields and blue waters and the modified quiet of the country. It is hard for a confirmed city resident to conceive when he is leaving town that he will ever be glad to get back. Even if earlier in the season he confesses to a degenerate taste which finds in "the dear shady side of Pall Mall" the most felicitous of earthly environments, by the time the dog-days have had a few goes at the heat record he is ready to admit that he has had enough, and turns away from clubs and stone pavements with a positive wail of relief. There never was a man before so glad to change his surroundings. He doesn't want to work again ever. He doesn't even want to play very hard. He simply wants to do nothing, with his wife and children, if he has any, and a few opportune friends to keep him in countenance. Feeling that way, he arranges to help himself to rather a longer vacation than he can afford, and to take it a good distance off, so that he can't come back until it is all over. What a happy man he is when he starts away! How much happier than any other person except one, and that one himself when he first gets back.

You can see him on the street just now by the score. He has spent from two to six weeks, according to his business, in Maine, or the Adirondacks, or the country, or some thoroughly remote sea-shore region. He does not seem to sorrow at being compelled to come back. On the contrary, he conducts himself like a man who has returned to life. He is full of brisk gayety. He seems to know exactly what he wants and exactly where to find it. He is a good man to ride down town with in the morning, a good man to meet at lunch, a better man still to run against at the club late in the afternoon. Everything pleases him. If he takes a cocktail, it is like meeting an old friend; for he has been where they didn't know how to make cocktails. If he runs to the ticker and consults the tape, he gets good news even if it is no news. There was no ticker where he has been, and he has shaken hands with every tape he has seen since morning, out of pure glad-to-see-it. Even the more pernicious accessories to civilization present a friendly aspect to him, because he has been in exile and has returned, and absence has had the traditional effect upon his heart.

Very likely his tacit comparisons of town and country will be too flattering to cities, and unduly disparaging to rural regions; for a great part of his present felicity, though he may not realize it, lies not so much in merely swapping country for town as in getting back to familiar habits and occupations which save him all forethought and worry, except the particular sort which custom has trained him to bear. And to that he brings recruited energies to a recruited and moderated atmosphere.

It is good for us to have him back, and we are glad to see him; and dear, dear! how glad he is to see us, and how glad to be here!

THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE.

It is a striking proof of the extent to which the "solidarity" of civilized mankind has been brought at the close of the nineteenth century that reports of the outbreak of the cholera in German towns should have been almost as eagerly read in New York as if the disease had appeared in Chicago. It is impossible, however, to approve the course of the private physicians and the official sanitary bodies of these German cities. By suppressing, so far as they could, the news that the disease had taken an epidemic form, the officials have simply encouraged its spread. When the people in any civilized community are convinced that the danger of infection is real, they will very cheerfully co-operate in taking precautions, at a considerable inconvenience to themselves, which they would not be at the trouble of taking if they were not so convinced. The physicians of Hamburg and of Antwerp have preferred deceiving their communities to trusting them, and it seems very likely that they have thus neglected an opportunity of mitigating the ravages and checking the spread of the disease.

In spite of a frequency and rapidity of communication which are quite without precedent in any former time, we in this country have reason to congratulate ourselves that the importation of pestilence is less likely than it ever was before. What is true of pestilence in general is conspicuously true of cholera in particular. Terrible as it is, it is not a disease that offers any real difficulty in diagnosis. There is scarcely a competent physician in the world who does not know a case of cholera when he sees it. Moreover, the period of incubation is comparatively short, so that the week or ten days now required for the transatlantic passage operate as an effectual quarantine for that period. If passengers shipped from Europe arrive in good health at New York, the presumption that they are not bringing the germs of cholera is very strong. It is quite true that these germs can be conveyed otherwise than by patients, and the stories of new outbreaks of cholera from newly unpacked bedding and clothing are so well substantiated that it is necessary to exercise vigilance upon inanimate as well as upon animated imports. But the modern processes of disinfection are so thorough as to leave very little chance that the germs of cholera can survive them. All these things are very much in our favor, and give us room to hope that we may escape the infection of the disease, even if it should become epidemic throughout Europe, of which at present there seems to be no reasonable fear. It is also in our favor that immigration from Europe is very largely concentrated upon a single American port, so that if the sanitary supervision of this port is complete and efficient, there is no great danger that a disease epidemic in Europe, or in any European country, will spread over the United States, provided it be a disease so readily recognizable as Asiatic cholera, and of so short a period of incubation.

But all these considerations render graver and more serious the responsibility of the sanitary authorities at the port of New York. They have had ample notice, and they have ample power. They can detain a suspected immigrant, or a suspected cargo of immigrants, until all danger of infection has passed; and they can fumigate every suspected piece of luggage until it is certain that it no longer contains any active and mischievous germ of cholera. Obviously it is their duty to suspect every passenger and every piece of luggage that comes within the possibility of suspicion, and to give the benefit of every doubt not to the passenger or the luggage that may be subjected to inconvenience or detention, but to the people of this country, whom they are appointed to protect.

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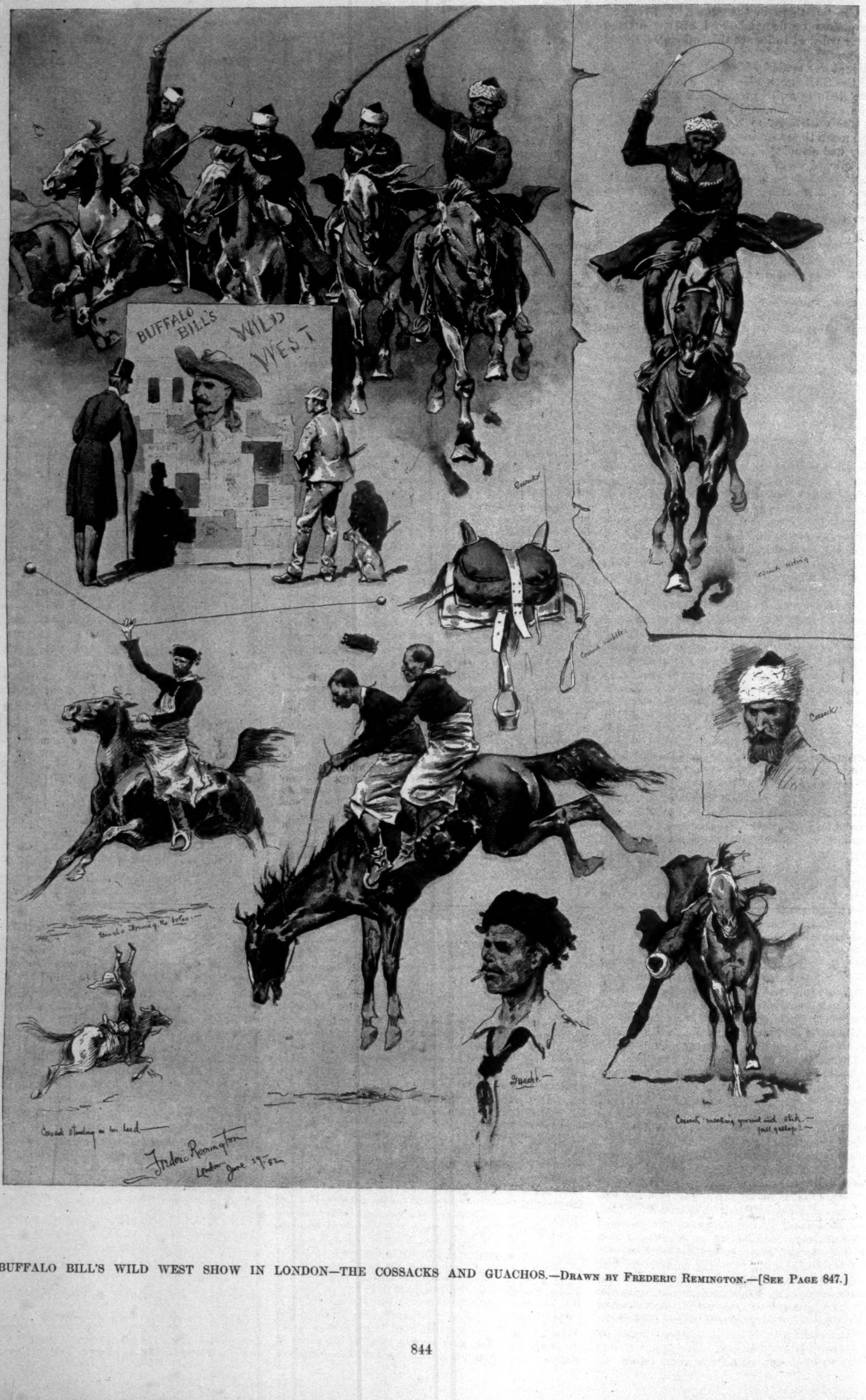
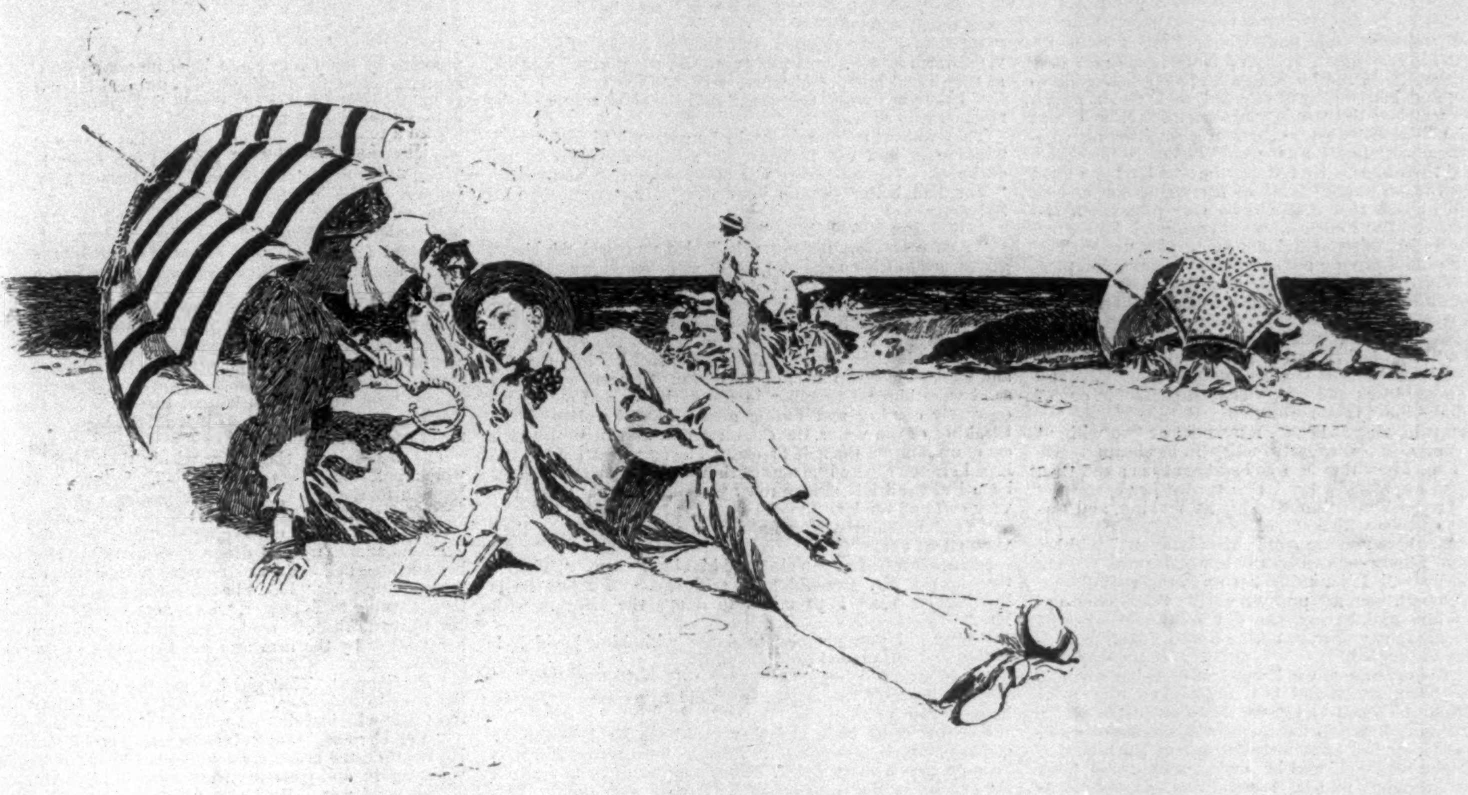

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
Cossacks
Cossack riding
Cossack saddle
Cossack
Guacho throwing the bolas
Guacho
Cossack standing on his head
Cossack marking ground with stick —
full gallop —
Frederic Remington
London June 29. '92

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW IN LONDON—THE COSSACKS AND GUACHOS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 847.]



A THREAD WITHOUT A KNOT.

A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

PROEM.

FOR so Fate sometimes sews the web of life; the stitches are all exactly taken; one event follows the other in perfect sequence; the whole happening seems of import, but when it is done it is ended; the thread is without a knot—it draws through, and the life is just where it was before the stitches were taken.

THE FIRST DAY.

Jack Sylvester's vacation was almost over, and he determined to spend the five days that were left of it at the seashore. He had left college two years before, and since then he had worked hard and to good purpose. In the fall he was to become a member of the firm, and in November he was to marry Letty Dugdale. He was very much in love; his life in prospect looked very bright; and he had thoroughly enjoyed his holiday. In six days Miss Dugdale would be home from Cape Cod, and he had promised to meet her at the Grand Central Station. As he leaned back in the easy-chair of the parlor-car, and looked out through the broad window at the level, monotonous landscape flying past, the thought of meeting her was very vivid to him. He knew just how she would look in her neat gray travelling suit; how the veil would be drawn down bewitchingly across her nose, her eyes shining brightly through the meshes. His heart swelled and thrilled at the image in his fancy.

The train was thirty minutes late, and the dusk of the evening was falling rapidly when he got down from the omnibus with other new arrivals in front of the Colonnade Hotel, and when he came down from his room to supper, with the dust of travel washed off from him, he found that it was dark, and that the lamps were lit in the dining-room. There were only a few tables in the room; there was a general air of hurry, and the colored man who waited on him told Sylvester that there was to be a hop as soon as he and the half-dozen new arrivals had ended their meal.

After he had eaten his rather scrambling and not very appetizing supper, he went out on the porch and lit a cigar. He sat down and fell to listening idly, partly to the scraps of conversation going on around him, partly to the preparations for the hop. There was a soft fresh sea-breeze blowing; the sky in the east was growing light for the birth of the rising moon, and the boom and swash of the breakers of the everlasting and tremendous ocean sounded perpetually through the ceaseless stream of talk. He began to feel somehow that a subtle loneliness was coming upon him. He felt strange in the midst of all the ephemeral life pulsing around him. He had expected to find Charlie Dexter and his mother and sisters at the hotel, but they were gone, and he registered a vow that he would go home the next day.

As he slowly smoked his cigar, the signs of the impending hop grew more and more apparent. The crowd around him grew thicker and more noisy. White frocks and dress suits became plentiful. The distant tuning of fiddles whined dismally. There was a lull, and then by-and-by the measured rhythm of a waltz, beautifully played by the orchestra, suddenly sounded above the ceaseless noise of talking. The music continued. Now and then a couple would come abruptly out upon the piazza, the white shirt of the man shining distinctly under the light of the lamps, the young woman fanning herself violently.

After a while Sylvester finished his cigar, threw away the glowing end in a shower of sparks, and rising from his chair, sauntered in through the hallway to the broad doorway of the dining-room, within which the dancing was going on. He stood for a while looking on at the whirl and sweep of the dance; it was very warm, and it did not seem at all attractive. It was a full-dress affair; he still wore his light tweed travelling suit, and so he kept himself studiously a little in the background. By-and-by he found his eyes attracted to the figure of a young girl who was dancing. At the first glance she looked pretty; then in a moment or two he saw that she was not pretty but beautiful. Her hair was almost black, but he could see in spite of the sunburn that her skin was very fair, and in the exercise and in the warmth of the room the blood had mantled deliciously into her cheeks. She was dressed in a gauzy, misty dress of white; she wore a bouquet of dark red roses, and no ornament except the sparkling rings on her fingers and a thin gold chain around her smooth sunburnt neck.

She appeared to be very popular; probably she was the belle of the hotel, and she was evidently having a very good time. Sylvester saw her dance with four different partners in the one waltz, and finally he saw one of them take her to her chaperon, obviously her mother, a stout, red-faced lady, who sat by an open window fanning herself vigorously. Sylvester could not keep his eyes from the girl.

The young man who had escorted her to her mother stood beside the two for a while, talking first to one and then to the other. The girl fanned herself, and did not look at him as she replied to him from time to time. The man wore a red ribbon in his button-hole, and was evidently prominently interested in the festivities. He was a rather tall, rather thin, rather handsome, after a foreign, perhaps an Italian, style—black eyes and hair and prominent features. He was irreproachably dressed, and he carried himself with a rather over-assertive society air, Sylvester thought.

Another one of the young men came forward, bowed and spoke, evidently asking the girl to dance; she instantly arose and laid her hand upon his arm. He led her out upon the floor, and the next moment they swept away into the stream of the dance.

THE SECOND DAY.

After Sylvester finished his breakfast, he lingered for a while looking over the late arrivals in the register. He was conscious that he looked very well in his light flannel suit with pin stripes of blue, his flannel shirt, and a silk scarf around his waist. Then he left the book and came out upon the porch, and directly into the full and blinding glare of the morning sun. The sea-breeze had not begun to blow; the ocean was smooth and oily in the dazzling light, and the sun was already very hot. The guests sat in groups and clusters on the shady side of the porch, and there was everywhere a general air of not knowing just how to begin the day. Even the bowling-alley had not yet begun its rumble of balls and crash of pins, and there was no sound of clicking balls coming from the billiard-room in the basement.

Sylvester felt the infection of not knowing just what to do with himself, or just how to begin the day. As he felt aimlessly in his pocket for his cigarette-case, he looked about him. His eyes went from group to group of those sitting idly chatting in the shade. For the most part, those he saw looked dull and uninteresting, with only here and there a few who looked pleasantly promising. He found that he was looking for the young lady of the night before, and by-and-by he saw her. She was sitting with her mother some distance away; she was reading, not very intently, from a paper-covered novel, now and then lowering it and talking over the top of it to her mother. Sylvester looked at her intently, holding his unlighted cigarette between his fingers, and as he looked he felt a recurrent pleasure in her beauty.

Then he became aware that the young man who looked like an Italian was sitting not far away from him. He sat leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the railing, smoking a cigar and looking out between his patent-leather shoes at the shining rim of the horizon. Sylvester sauntered across to him and asked him for a light. The request led to an exchange of words. In the few moments of talk that followed, Sylvester discovered that the young man was not at all what he had taken him to be the night before. He looked then as though he might have been an Italian count; now, upon a nearer view, his features grew coarse, and the skin of his face rough and uncomely; he became commonplace. He was not well bred, and Sylvester noticed that he had a very large and bright diamond ring on his finger, and that his mustache was waxed at the points.

“I beg pardon,” said Sylvester's interlocutor, in a pause of words; “I didn't catch your name.”

Sylvester laughed. “I didn't mention it,” said he.

He drew out his card-case and gave his card to the other. The other gave an answering laugh, read the card, and then exchanged his own for it. The name printed on it was Mr. Meyer Rosenblume. Then Sylvester knew that he was a Jew, and the disenchantment was complete.

Mr. Rosenblume told Sylvester that the season had been very gay. He had been four weeks at the Colonnade, and society there was really not so bad. “Nothing swell, you know, but very good; quite respectable people—the kind one need not be ashamed of. You don't have to take up with them in town, you know. You can have good times with them here, and then drop them when you please.” And he flicked off the ashes from his cigar with an air. Sylvester laughed in spite of himself. “Now there's Miss Lannon,” continued Mr. Rosenblume; “she's a daisy, and don't you forget it. She comes from Minneapolis. The old man made his money in wheat—lots of it. She and the old lady have been three years over on the other side, in Paris. They're just the kind of people you want to meet for a summer, but you don't want to know them in society, you know.”

“I see,” said Sylvester; and then he walked away, with his hands in the pockets of his flannel coat.

As Sylvester moved away, he saw that the young lady and her mother had been joined by two acquaintances—an elderly gentleman with a red face and very white hair, and a lady, thin, rather oldish, very genteel and ladylike, with hair brushed smoothly down across the temples and then drawn back under the bands of a black lace cap. The gentleman wore white duck trousers and a black alpaca coat, and he fanned his red face with a very flexible Panama hat. Sylvester recognized the gentleman directly as a General Tenny, whom he had seen several times in his father's office, and he determined to make himself acquainted. He walked directly up to the group and took off his hat. The ladies looked up at him, and the gentleman stopped fanning himself with his hat.

“I beg your pardon, General,” said Sylvester. “I am afraid you don't know me. I've seen you often in my father's office, though—Mr. Allibone Sylvester.”

“Oh, yes, yes,” said the old gentleman, with a sudden change of manner. “Yes—why, certainly; I have known your father for years. Your face looked familiar, but I couldn't place it. My dear” (to his wife), “this is Allibone Sylvester's son. When did you come down? Won't you join us? Mrs. Lannon, let me introduce Mr. Sylvester; Mr. Sylvester, Miss Lannon. I am sorry you missed the Dexters; they were talking about you. They went home yesterday."

Sylvester saw Mr. Rosenblume looking toward them from the distance.

THE THIRD DAY.

Sylvester was enjoying himself very much with the Tennys and the Lannons. They had bathed together; they had rolled tenpins in the bowling-alley; they had gone to the Casino, and had mildly dissipated with claret punch while they watched the tennis tournament. Now it was afternoon, and Sylvester sat on the porch, smoking his cigarette and wondering how long it would be before the others had finished their naps. He felt that he was having a good time; he had made himself think of Letty Dugdale, and he tried to tell himself that it would be very pleasant if she were only here. But somehow or other, though he shaped the thought in his mind, it did not bring pleasure with it. Indeed, it struck a jarring note through the savor of pleasantness. Then he was conscious that somebody stood in the door at a little distance, and when he turned his head he saw that it was Miss Lannon. She was not looking at him, but out across the ocean. She was dressed in a light flannel skirt with a blouse jacket, and a broad leather belt around her waist. A broad-brimmed chip hat shaded her face, and she carried a gay black and yellow striped parasol in one of her hands and a book in the other.

Sylvester sat looking at her for a moment or two without moving, feeling a full warm satisfaction in her beauty. He wondered if she knew that he was looking at her; and then he got up and approached her. She turned her eyes fully and frankly upon him without otherwise moving, and recognized his presence with a smile.

"May I ask where you are going, Miss Lannon?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—down on the beach, I guess. What a lovely sea-breeze! It's awfully hot up in our room."

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" She looked uncertainly at him, and he saw she did not know what he meant. "I thought you were taking a nap," said he, feeling very flat and foolish.

"Oh no; I never take naps; I was just finishing a couple of letters." Then she raised her parasol, and they went slowly down to the beach together. They sat just behind a little bank of sand that half hid them from the board walk. Sylvester lay beside her, stretched at length in the hot sand. "What are you reading?" said he; and he took up the book that she had brought with her. It was Howells's *Lady of the Aroostook*. "Oh yes!" said he, without awaiting her reply.

"Have you ever read it?" said she.

Sylvester laughed. "Well, rather," he said. "Lovely, isn't it? Wonderful how he holds the interest centred in just those few characters and bounded by the narrow rails of the sailing ship!"

She did not make an instant response. "I don't know," said she, presently. "I haven't got that far in the book. Yes, I think it's a very nice story. Mamma brought a lot of books down with her, and I just began reading this this morning."

Sylvester looked up quickly. Then he looked down again and began idly turning over the pages. "Did you ever read *Silas Lapham?*" said he, after a little while.

"No," said she. "Who was it wrote it?"

"Howells wrote that too," said he, a little dryly; and then he closed the book and gave it back to Miss Lannon.

When Sylvester came down stairs after dressing for the evening and went out on the porch, he found both Miss Lannon and her mother sitting enjoying the sea-breeze. He stopped to talk with them, and just then General Tenny came bustling up. "Miss Lannon," said he, "I am deputed by a delegation to ask you to come and sing."

"I did not know Miss Lannon sang," said Sylvester.

"Didn't you?" said the General. "Then I am sorry for you. Come along, Miss Lannon—no refusal."

She evidently had no idea of declining. She laughed, arose, and took the General's arm, which he offered with a flourishing sweep of his Panama hat.

Sylvester offered his arm to Mrs. Lannon, and together they entered the hallway. There the girl left them, lightly running up the broad stairs, and presently she came down again with two or three copies of sheet music in her hand.

There were perhaps fifteen or twenty people sitting in the parlor with an air of expectant waiting, and Mr. Rosenblume sat at the piano improvising chords and runs. Sylvester showed Mrs. Lannon to a chair, and then stood behind her, leaning upon it. There was some little delay in arranging the music. Mr. Rosenblume played the prelude brilliantly and precisely, and then Miss Lannon began singing.

Sylvester had expected her voice to be good, but he was distinctly amazed when he heard it. It was not only superb in itself, but it was thoroughly and even professionally trained. As she sang, a crowd gathered silently at the doors and the open windows, and as she ended the cavatina a volley of applause sounded from all sides.

General Tenny stood near her, and he began immediately to urge her to sing again. She sang three times, and then, as she ended, she turned and came directly across the room to her mother, sat down, and began calmly fanning herself. The audience waited half expectantly, looking admiringly at her from a distance. Sylvester leaned over her shoulder. "I didn't know that you could sing like that, Miss Lannon." said he, rather lamely.

She looked up, waving her fan slowly backward and forward, and smiled vividly. "Did you like it?" said she.

"It was beautiful!" he answered.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Again there was a hop in the dining-room. This time Sylvester did not look upon it from the outside; he was identically a part of it. He stood just behind Mrs. Lannon's chair, with Miss Lannon's light wrap over his arm. General and Mrs. Tenny sat beside her, and a vacant chair was saved for Miss Lannon. Sylvester had been out sailing on the bay in the afternoon, and his face looked very fiery and red contrasted with the broad expanse of his white shirt front. He did not talk with the others, but stood watching Miss Lannon dancing. The orchestra was playing a waltz very beautifully. The young lady was dancing with a young fellow, one of the party with whom Sylvester had been sailing in the afternoon. He had close-cropped light hair, and it looked almost white in contrast with his sunburnt face. The two were sweeping around the room in the stream of the dance. When they came opposite to their party they stopped abruptly, and Miss Lannon sat down in the chair beside her mother, fanning herself violently.

The young man began instantly talking with Sylvester. By-and-by Sylvester offered his arm, and Miss Lannon instantly arose and accepted it, letting her fan fall with a snap. They walked forward a step or two, and then joined directly in the stream of the dance.

"You dance splendidly, Mr. Sylvester," said she after a while.

Sylvester laughed. "Thank you," said he; but he felt very much pleased.

By-and-by they stopped, and then he began to feel how very warm it was. "Let us go out on the porch," said he, as they stood in front of where Mrs. Lannon sat.

"Take your wrap, Caroline," said the elder lady, and she reached it to Sylvester.

They walked up and down the long stretch of dark porch, winding in and out between the groups clustered in the darkness. The sea-breeze was blowing steadily and coolly. "You had better put on your wrap, Miss Lannon," said Sylvester.

"Oh, I do not feel chilly."

"I dare say, but it's not safe." He wrapped the shawl gently around her head and throat as he spoke, and she did not resist. Their eyes met, and for a moment they looked steadily at one another. Sylvester felt his heart thrill, and then it began beating unsteadily. Miss Lannon turned her eyes away, and together they walked to the end of the porch, and leaning on the railing, stood looking into the sky and across the sharp level of the ocean. Sky and water and sand were blurred together in the darkness, and only a recurrently coming and fading gleam of white showed the breaking of the water, the ceaseless roar and rush of which came up loud on the soft breeze. The stars sparkled in the broad stretch of sky like tens of thousands of jewels. "How beautiful it all is!" murmured Sylvester, and his heart felt very soft and tender.

"Yes," murmured Miss Lannon in answer, and then they were silent again.

Suddenly Miss Lannon clutched him by the arm. "There's that horrid Mr. Rosenblume," said she. "I know he is looking for me. I promised to dance the Lancers with him."

"Why did you promise to dance with him?" said Sylvester. "Confounded cad!" he added.

"I do not know why," said she. "He asked me."

"Sit down on the steps here," said Sylvester. "Maybe he won't see you."

She did as he bade, and they could see Mr. Rosenblume coming and going anxiously. Then he went away, and Miss Lannon gave a short laugh. They neither of them realized the cruelty or the rudeness of what they were doing. By-and-by the music struck up, and Mr. Rosenblume's chance was gone. Then Sylvester began to feel very uncomfortable. He did not find any more pleasure in being out on the porch with Miss Lannon, and he presently took her in to her mother.

THE FIFTH DAY.

It was a superb day for bathing. The surf was rather heavy, but the breakers came in very smoothly and evenly.

Sylvester and Miss Lannon, in their bathing suits, sat in the hot dry sand, lingering before they entered the salt chill of the water. "I don't think I ever spent a happier five days in my life," Sylvester was saying. He was gathering up handfuls of sand and pouring it into a little mound. "It seems strange that a fellow can become so intimate with people as I have become, and then go away and perhaps never see them again."

She was leaning a little toward him, with her round bare elbow in the sand, and she did not reply immediately. "Do you have to go home to-morrow?" said she presently.

"Yes," said he, "I have to go."

"Why do you have to go?"

Sylvester did not reply directly. It suddenly came to him that it would be the brave and manly thing to tell Miss Lannon of his engagement, and when he began to resolve to do so his heart began throbbing quickly; he could not tell just why. Suddenly Miss Lannon said, "Don't you ever come out to Minneapolis, Mr. Sylvester?"

"I never have been out there," he answered.

"If you do come, you will not forget to call on us, will you?"

He recognized the implied invitation to come. "No," said he, "I'll not forget," and then he stood up and shook the sand from his bathing suit.

The water felt very cold after the hot sand, and the two stood shuddering and irresolute as they entered the smooth sweep of the spent breaker. Then they stooped and let the water sweep over their shoulders. The sharp chill struck through them, and after that they felt it no more,

The surf was more heavy than Sylvester thought; there were not a great many people in the outer line of breakers. Miss Lannon was an excellent bather, and Sylvester felt the pleasure in meeting the breakers with her, and knowing that the crowd on the beach was looking at them. "Don't go too far out," said he; "the undertow is pretty strong to-day."

Three long and very large breakers came, the one directly after the other, and when they were passed it was not easy to come in through the outward sweep of water. Both felt that they were farther from shore than they had intended going.

"I think I will go out for a little while," said Miss Lannon; and Sylvester, with the feeling of uneasiness upon him, did not urge her to remain in the water. He left her close to the beach, talking to her mother, who sat in the sandy wash of the spent breakers. He himself went out again for a swim, passing through the outer breakers to the smooth water beyond. He paddled about indolently for a while, now and then turning on his back and floating, shutting his eyes to the hot, dazzling glare of the sun, that beat down straight upon him. Presently he turned his head, and then he saw that Miss Lannon was bathing alone at a little distance from him. He turned sharply over in the water, and let his feet drop, and found that he was out of his depth. "Take care, Miss Lannon," he called sharply. "Don't come out so far; it's not safe." A larger breaker that usual swept past, and when it had gone, Sylvester saw in an instant that his warning had come too late. As Miss Lannon dropped to touch bottom, he saw the water close over her face and head. The next instant he saw her begin to struggle in the depth, and the sight was dreadful. Her face came to the surface of the water, and she gave a sharp gurgling cry. He tried violently to swim toward her, but the undertow swept him back as inexorably as fate. He did not seem to make an inch of progress. "My God!" he said to himself, "she is drowning!" And he shouted sharply, "Help! help! help!"

The sweep of water subsided for a moment, and Miss Lannon gained a temporary foothold. He saw her face, the water streaming from it. But already she seemed dazed and bewildered. "Help! help!" she cried; and then he was very close to her. He reached out his hand, but could not quite touch her. Then the water rose again, and again it covered her face, and again she began to struggle. The next moment he reached out and touched her. He felt her cold hand clutch his arm, and then in an instant she had grappled with him. He dropped his feet, and found that he was out of his depth, and a sudden whirl of terror and despair swept through him. "Oh, God!" he thought, "we are both going to be drowned!"

In the next flash of thought he realized that if he lost his presence of mind they were both inevitably lost, and, with supreme effort, he steadied and composed his terror. Even as he did so the water again subsided around them, and he gained a temporary foothold.

"Miss Lannon!" he gasped, "Miss Lannon! don't be frightened! There is no danger. I can easily help you in if you won't catch hold of me. Let yourself float, and I can get you in in a minute."

He felt her hands relax upon him, and he knew that she had understood him and was obeying him. A great and profound feeling of relief swept through him, and as she loosed her hold, he felt courage and strength come back to him.

As she floated, he directed her toward the shore, now and then touching bottom, and now and then swimming; and then he saw that a dozen men were coming toward them, and that the people on the beach were running excitedly and gathering in a crowd, and he knew that it had seen what danger they were in. It had all passed in less than a minute, but it seemed to him as if it might have lasted a quarter of an hour.

The next minute they were within their depth and there were a half-dozen men around them. Sylvester helped Miss Lannon to the shore, where her mother stood. The poor lady was as white as death, wringing her hands violently, moving her lips without saying anything.

Miss Lannon walked directly up to her. Her hair had become loosened and was streaming with water, but she was very composed. "Don't be foolish, mother," said she. And then, turning to Sylvester, "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Sylvester." She spoke very quietly, and then she took her mother by the arm and led her away up to the bath-houses.

"By George! That girl has got the pluck!" said one of the men to Sylvester. It was the young fellow with the light hair who had danced with her the night before.

"Yes, she has," said Sylvester, and then he turned away. He stood on the beach for a while, but he did not go into the water again, and presently went away to his bath-house.

The hotel was full of talk about what had happened; a score or more of men congratulated Sylvester within an hour, and he began to grow very tired of the sameness of the words that were said.

Mrs. Lannon did not appear at dinner, but the daughter came to her place and ate her meal composedly.

As Sylvester sat in the warm sun after dinner, holding a cigarette absently in his fingers, and thinking about what had happened that morning, he saw Miss Lannon come out upon the broad veranda. She came directly to him, and he arose from his seat as she approached. She reached out her hand to him, and he took it mechanically. She pressed his hand firmly. "I owe my life to you, Mr. Sylvester," said she, "and I can never forget it."

Sylvester felt himself blush hotly, and was conscious that he stood very awkwardly. "Don't mention it, Miss Lannon," he muttered.

She did not seem to feel the absurdity of his words. She stood silently for a little space. "You have saved my life, Mr. Sylvester," said she again, "and I shall never forget it." And then she turned and left him, and he stood looking after her.

He did not see anything of the ladies again until after supper; then, as he stood in the doorway, he saw that they were sitting together at a little distance. The sun had just set, and the delicate gray of evening was beginning to shade the brightness of the day. He went directly over to them, picking up a chair on his way, and sat himself down near them.

"Oh, Mr. Sylvester!" began Mrs. Lannon; "I don't know how I shall ever thank you; I don't know what to say. You have saved my daughter's life, Mr. Sylvester." She began immediately to grow agitated.

Miss Lannon laid her hand on her mother's wrist, and Sylvester noticed how the rings on her fingers glittered. "Don't, mother!" said she—"don't give way to your feelings again."

"No, don't!" said Sylvester. "I am sorry I came if I agitate you. I am going home to-morrow morning, and I felt as though I wanted to say good-by before I went."

"Oh, I am so sorry you are going," said Mrs. Lannon, "and indeed I'll never, never forget you and what you have done as long as I live."

"Indeed, Mrs. Lannon," said Sylvester, "it will always be a matter of pride to me to think of what I have done—that I have saved such a lovely and beautiful life as that of Miss Lannon." He felt that he was speaking very strongly, and his heart began beating thickly. But he continued without giving himself time to doubt the perfect good taste of his words. "I never have met any one that I admired more than your daughter, Mrs. Lannon. I think she is a lovely and splendid woman, and I feel as if the five days that I have spent here have given me a friendship that—that—" He stopped, not knowing how to continue. "I want to show you the picture of a very dear friend of mine, and I wish that you and Miss Lannon could know her," he said.

He took out his pocket-book as he spoke, opened it, and drew out a picture of Letty Dugdale, which he gave to Mrs. Lannon. "This is Miss Dugdale, and I am going to be married to her in November," said he.

Mrs. Lannon took it and looked at it, and then handed it to her daughter. The young lady took it in turn, and looked steadily at it. Sylvester gazed at her without hearing the words of congratulation that the mother poured out.

"It's a very lovely face," said Miss Lannon at last, "and I congratulate you, Mr. Sylvester." And she handed the picture back to him.

As he put the photograph back into his pocket-book, General Tenny came up and spoke, and Miss Lannon turned toward him and began talking.

Sylvester sat silent for a few moments, and then he got up and went away. He went straight to his room, and packed his clothes in his valise. When he came down stairs again it was dark, and the Lannons were gone.

As he stood uncertainly for a while close to the edge of the porch and behind a pillar, he suddenly heard a voice speak his own name.

"I hear Sylvester is going away to-morrow morning."

"I am glad of it," said another voice, which he recognized as belonging to Mr. Rosenblume; "he's a d—— stuck-up ass."

Sylvester knew he had not been seen. He instantly turned and walked directly up to where Mr. Rosenblume sat. Mr. Rosenblume's back was turned, and he did not see the approach of the other. Sylvester laid his hand suddenly and firmly on his shoulder.

"I don't suppose you know any better," said he, "and so you are excusable. But a gentleman does not usually express his opinion so freely upon the porch of a hotel." And then he turned away, leaving Mr. Rosenblume annihilated.

EPILOGUE.

Sylvester did not see the Lannons—mother and daughter—again to bid them good-by, and in November he married Miss Dugdale.

CENTRAL PARK IN SUMMER.

SEQUESTERED in a rocky nave,
  I watch the sunlight slowly creeping
Along the gray and mottled pave,
  Where summer shadows lie a-sleeping.

Across a dark and mossy rock
  A shallow streamlet spray is casting;
But from the west there comes the shock
  Of dull, prosaic, dusty blasting.

Anon I hear the rumbling tire
  Of some bedecked and festal carriage;
My fancy hears the droning choir
  And hopes it was a pretty marriage.

But all in vain I try to think
  That I am in some forest heaven,
Upon a mountain's misty brink.
  Ah! dreams will lag at thirty-seven.

Imagination, swift and vain,
  Like yonder bee flits idly by me;
I watch the shadows wax and wane,
  And wish that she would stop to try me.

Despite your artful dells and bowers,
  Dear Central Park, ah! more's the pity,
Still undeceived I count the hours,
  And know that I am in the city.

W. J. HENDERSON.

BUFFALO BILL IN LONDON.

THE Tower, the Parliament, and Westminster are older institutions in London than Buffalo Bill's show, but when the New-Zealander sits on the London Bridge and looks over his ancient manuscripts of Murray's Guide-book, he is going to turn first to the Wild West. At present every one knows where it is, from the gentleman on Piccadilly to the dirtiest coster in the remotest slum of Whitechapel. The cabman may have to scratch his head to recall places where the traveller desires to go, but when the "Wild West" is asked for he gathers his reins and uncoils his whip without ceremony. One should no longer ride the deserts of Texas or the rugged uplands of Wyoming to see the Indians and the pioneers, but should go to London. It is also quite unnecessary to brave the fleas and the police of the Czar to see the Cossack, or to tempt the waves which roll between New York and the far-off Argentine to study the "guachos." It is all in London. The Cossacks and "guachos" are the latest addition, and they nearly complete the array of wild riders. There you can sit on a bench and institute comparisons. The Cossacks will charge you with drawn sabres in a most genuine way, will hover over you like buzzards on a battle-field—they soar and whirl about in graceful curves, giving an uncanny impression, which has doubtless been felt by many a poor Russian soldier from the wheat fields of Central Europe as he lay with a bullet in him on some distant field. They march slowly around over imaginary steppes, singing in a most dolorous way—looking as they did in Joseph Brandt's paintings. They dance over swords in a light-footed and crazy way, and do feats on their running horses which brings the hand-clapping. They stand on their heads, vault on and off, chase each other in a game called "chasing the handkerchief," and they reach down at top speed and mark the ground with a stick. Their long coat-tails flap out behind like an animated rag-bag, while their legs and arms are visible by turns. Their grip on the horse is maintained by a clever use of these stirrups, which are twisted and crossed at will. They are armed like "pin-cushions," and ride on a big leather bag which makes their seat abnormally high.

The "guachos" are dressed in a sort of Spanish costume, with tremendous pantaloons of cotton and boots made of a colt's skin, which in their construction are very like Apache moccasins. They carry a knife at their back which would make a hole which a doctor couldn't sew up with less than five stitches, if indeed he was troubled at all. They ride a saddle which one of the American cowboys designated as a "—— —— feather bed," and they talk Spanish which would floor a Castilian at once. They ride bucking horses by pairs, and amuse the audience by falling off at intervals.

The great interest which attaches to the whole show is that it enables the audience to take sides on the question of which people ride best and have the best saddle. The whole thing is put in such tangible shape as to be a regular challenge to debate to lookers on. I for one formed my opinion, and have sacrificed two or three friends on the altar of my convictions. There is also a man in a pink coat who rides a hunting seat in competition with a yellow savage on a clear horse, and if our Englishman is not wedded to his ideals he must receive a very bad shock at beholding.

As you walk through the camp you see a Mexican, an Ogallala, and a "guacho" swapping lies and cigarettes while you reflect on the size of the earth. The manager, Major Burke, will tell you that you must not imagine that it is a simple job to handle this aggregated wild humanity from the waste places, because when a savage gets an idea into his head it takes enough debating to pass the home-rule for Ireland bill to get it out again. The Indians smell the choice meat which is being cooked for Colonel Cody's private tepee, and in their simple, unostentatious way they will come around and demand a rib. The Major says that the Indians eat too much for the good of their health, as they are constantly coming around to the cook asking for meat between meals. I have known of Indian scouts consuming ten days' rations in one day, but they kept their general good health by going without eating for the next week following; but in London it is different. The Major has to fine the cowboys for standing on their heads in the ring after the Cossack manner, all of which interferes with the eternal fitness of things. He will tell you that the Cossack saddle "sores the backs" of the horses, and gives the stablemen no end of trouble. The Major will conclude that the management of a light-opera company on the road is a mere beginner's work beside the people with the Wild West show, because they are all schooled in the theory that it is the proper thing to run a ten-inch knife into the anatomy of any one who does not agree with "their peculiar whim."

The remote effect of the whole thing will be that cattlemen out West will have little boys with cockney accents wanting to hire out as "cow-punchers," and the Sioux will have to "roost high" when this new generation of Indian fighters grows up in London, for it will last after the Sioux are raising one hundred bushels of corn to the acre.

Next year the whole outfit is coming over to the World's Fair with the rest of Europe, and they are going to bring specimens of all the continental cavalry. The Sioux will talk German, the cowboys already have an English accent, and the "guachos" will be dressed in good English form.

The Wild West show is an evolution of a great idea. It is becoming as great an educator as P. T. Barnum's, and, with its aggregate of wonders from the out-of-the-way places, it will represent a poetical and harmless protest against the Derby hat and the starched linen—those horrible badges of the slavery of our modern social system, when men are physical lay figures, and mental and moral cog-wheels and wastes of uniformity—where the greatest crime is to be individual, and the unpardonable sin to be out of the fashion.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

NINE ACRES OF ELECTRICAL EXHIBITS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Department of Electricity is to collect the contributions of the world to its demonstration of the progress of electric science in a building which will be likely to attract an extraordinary number of sight-seers. The shelter for this exhibit is one of the very beautiful buildings of the exposition. Its architects were Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City. It is 690 feet long by 345 feet wide, of Italian Renaissance in style, and elaborately finished with many towers. The principal entrance on the south side will have a noble and gorgeously decorated open vestibule, covered by a half-dome, the whole, it is said, being capable of the most brilliant illumination. Indeed, at every point where it is possible the building offers an opportunity for an electrical night display. To this end something like twenty thousand incandescent and nearly three thousand arc lights will be employed on or about the edifice. The building covers more than five acres and a half, and offers a floor surface of nearly nine.

Mr. John P. Barrett is the executive of the department. One of his lieutenants attended the exhibition at Frankfort, in Germany, in 1891, the first purely electrical exhibition ever held. One of the remarkable exhibits there was a demonstration of the fact that electrical power can be sent over great distances, the power for the fair being obtained from a waterfall one hundred miles away. A turbine wheel operated the alternating dynamos at the generating station, where power of a low voltage was put through a converter and transformed into a current of high voltage, and then, on the exposition grounds, was reconverted into its original form. This process will be illustrated at Chicago in a modified manner. A Nuremberg firm showed some search-lights of amazing power. They formed one of the wonders of the modern world. A nobleman gave a ball forty-five miles away, it is said, and the light for the dancers was supplied at Frankfort by this lamp. That lamp had a five-foot refractor, but at Chicago there will be larger ones, the biggest being displayed on top of the Electrical Building, whence it will throw a huge white beam of light across the sky to bathe some distant bit of Lake Michigan in noonday splendor on the darkest nights. At Frankfort a theatre was fitted with electrical lights, arranged for the production of brilliant and realistic stage effects, which were more ingenious and beautiful than any we have ever seen. There will be no theatre in the Chicago display, but it is likely that the processes in use at Frankfort will be illustrated for us.

A very popular novelty in the building will be a large and complete villa or dwelling fitted with all the household electrical appliances of the period. There will be no occasion for lighting a match in it for any purpose whatsoever. At the front door those who wish to enter will open a box and press a button, which will light the lamps in the main hall, as would be done by an occupant returning home late at night. Some of the lamps in the house will be peculiar. There will be electroliers in certain rooms; rosettes of light embedded in the ceilings and walls of other rooms; in others, lamps set behind white porcelain. There will be lamps in all the closets, and these will be lighted by the opening of the closet doors, and put out when the doors are shut. The mere pressure of buttons in the door-frames will open each door in the building. Electric elevators will obviate the necessity for using the stairways. In all the common rooms and sleeping apartments there will be electric fires in open fireplaces, simulating coal and log fires, and each one started by the touching of a button. In each room there will be electric fans for use in hot weather. The library will contain an electric cigar-lighter, and the sewing-room will be modernized by an electric motor for running a sewing-machine. Burglar-alarms of the latest sort will fortify the doors and windows. The kitchen will astonish old-fashioned housewives, for all the usual operations of the servants will be aided by electrical devices. The electric stove will boil, bake, or toast whatever is to be prepared for the table; the laundry-machines will all be electrical, even to the smoothing-irons, from whose hollow interiors light flexible wires will reach to the main circuits in the nearest wall. Electrical washing-machines and electric centrifugal wringers will be notable parts of the paraphernalia. The ice or the cool air in the refrigerator will be made by the miniature ammonia ice-plant, which will be arranged to cool the entire house on hot days and nights. The house will be forty-two feet wide by fifty feet deep, and therefore each device will be of full working size and power.

A very beautiful exhibit will be a Moorish minaret of cut glass and Bohemian colored glass, thirty feet in diameter and seventy feet in height. It will appear like a huge lamp at night. A telephone company will employ a fine orchestra to play in New York, and will conduct the sound of the music all the way to the Electrical Building, in which a great horn will throw out the melody for the benefit of all who care to visit the section. One electrical company will spend $350,000 upon its exhibit. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will show a full-sized model of a scene attending the laying of the first telegraph wire by Professor Morse, who, it seems, intended that the telegraph wires should be enclosed in lead pipe and buried. An English firm will send complete models of all the contrivances used in laying submarine cables. The electric street-car exhibit in one section of the building will be very fine and thorough, showing all the methods of applying electric power to the propulsion of cars. All the currents of power in use in the building will be supplied from dynamos set up by exhibitors in the Machinery Hall.

The French will make a splendid display in electric appliances that are universally celebrated as being the most artistic and often the most delicate products of the sort that any country produces. The French excel in the manufacture of delicate electrical instruments in use in scientific pursuits, and for their ornamental adaptations of electrical inventions. Belgium will be conspicuous in the display, but her contributions will be mainly practical, and will embrace both heavy and light machinery. England is very actively interested in perfecting a grand exhibit, and the electricians of our own country will make an enormous and marvellous presentation of their works. Among the German exhibits will be the astonishing Nuremberg search-lights, of which I have twice before had occasion to write.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts on the Columbian Exposition Grounds in Chicago will, when completed, be the largest building in the world, and the most remarkable architectural feature of the fair. As its length is 1687 feet, and its width 787 feet, the distance around it will be almost a mile. It covers 30½ acres, and, with its galleries, encloses 44 acres of floor space. Its enormous trusses that form its roof are 61 feet higher than were those of the great Machinery Hall in the last Paris Exposition. St. Peter's, at Rome, could be set up within the building, and viewed from the galleries as an exhibit. The architect of the enormous structure is Mr. George B. Post, of this city. The cost of the building will be $1,500,000.

A FIELD WALL.

ALONG the quiet dusty way,
  Beneath the drowsy apple-trees,
It winds among the roses gay
  That lure the booming bees.

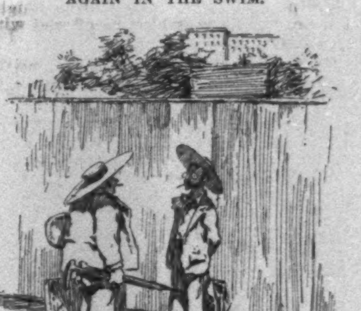
The Indian carrots round it nod
  Among the tiger-lilies tall,
And seas of dreaming golden-rod
  About it rise and fall.

In harmonies of gray and blue
  It climbs the sumach-dotted hill
Beneath the berry vines unto
  A woodland cool and still,

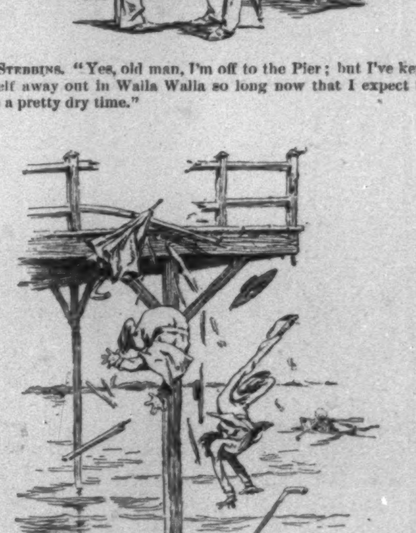
Where friskily a squirrel gray,
  Through shadows softly o'er it thrown,
Goes loping on his merry way
  From mossy stone to stone.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AGAIN IN THE SWIM.



STEBBINS. "Yes, old man, I'm off to the Pier; but I've kept myself away out in Walla Walla so long now that I expect to have a pretty dry time."



But Stebbins was mistaken; for the very first day at the Pier he fell in with an old friend.

join us? Mrs. Lannon, let me introduce Mr. Sylvester; Mr. Sylvester, Miss Lannon. I am sorry you missed the Dexters; they were talking about you. They went home yesterday."

Sylvester saw Mr. Rosenblume looking toward them from the distance.

THE THIRD DAY.

Sylvester was enjoying himself very much with the Tennys and the Lannons. They had bathed together; they had rolled tenpins in the bowling-alley; they had gone to the Casino, and had mildly dissipated with claret punch while they watched the tennis tournament. Now it was afternoon, and Sylvester sat on the porch, smoking his cigarette and wondering how long it would be before the others had finished their naps. He felt that he was having a good time; he had made himself think of Letty Dugdale, and he tried to tell himself that it would be very pleasant if she were only here. But somehow or other, though he shaped the thought in his mind, it did not bring pleasure with it. Indeed, it struck a jarring note through the savor of pleasantness. Then he was conscious that somebody stood in the door at a little distance, and when he turned his head he saw that it was Miss Lannon. She was not looking at him, but out across the ocean. She was dressed in a light flannel skirt with a blouse jacket, and a broad leather belt around her waist. A broad-brimmed chip hat shaded her face, and she carried a gay black and yellow striped parasol in one of her hands and a book in the other.

Sylvester sat looking at her for a moment or two without moving, feeling a full warm satisfaction in her beauty. He wondered if she knew that he was looking at her; and then he got up and approached her. She turned her eyes fully and frankly upon him without otherwise moving, and recognized his presence with a smile.

"May I ask where you are going, Miss Lannon?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—down on the beach, I guess. What a lovely sea-breeze! It's awfully hot up in our room."

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" She looked uncertainly at him, and he saw she did not know what he meant. "I thought you were taking a nap," said he, feeling very flat and foolish.

"Oh no; I never take naps; I was just finishing a couple of letters." Then she raised her parasol, and they went slowly down to the beach together. They sat just behind a little bank of sand that half hid them from the board walk. Sylvester lay beside her, stretched at length in the hot sand. "What are you reading?" said he; and he took up the book that she had brought with her. It was Howells's *Lady of the Aroostook*. "Oh yes!" said he, without awaiting her reply.

"Have you ever read it?" said she.

Sylvester laughed. "Well, rather," he said. "Lovely, isn't it? Wonderful how he holds the interest centred in just those few characters and bounded by the narrow rails of the sailing ship!"

She did not make an instant response. "I don't know," said she, presently. "I haven't got that far in the book. Yes, I think it's a very nice story. Mamma brought a lot of books down with her, and I just began reading this this morning."

Sylvester looked up quickly. Then he looked down again and began idly turning over the pages. "Did you ever read *Silas Lapham?*" said he, after a little while.

"No," said she. "Who was it wrote it?"

"Howells wrote that too," said he, a little dryly; and then he closed the book and gave it back to Miss Lannon.

When Sylvester came down stairs after dressing for the evening and went out on the porch, he found both Miss Lannon and her mother sitting enjoying the sea-breeze. He stopped to talk with them, and just then General Tenny came bustling up. "Miss Lannon," said he, "I am deputed by a delegation to ask you to come and sing."

"I did not know Miss Lannon sang," said Sylvester.

"Didn't you?" said the General. "Then I am sorry for you. Come along, Miss Lannon—no refusal."

She evidently had no idea of declining. She laughed, arose, and took the General's arm, which he offered with a flourishing sweep of his Panama hat.

Sylvester offered his arm to Mrs. Lannon, and together they entered the hallway. There the girl left them, lightly running up the broad stairs, and presently she came down again with two or three copies of sheet music in her hand.

There were perhaps fifteen or twenty people sitting in the parlor with an air of expectant waiting, and Mr. Rosenblume sat at the piano improvising chords and runs. Sylvester showed Mrs. Lannon to a chair, and then stood behind her, leaning upon it. There was some little delay in arranging the music. Mr. Rosenblume played the prelude brilliantly and precisely, and then Miss Lannon began singing.

Sylvester had expected her voice to be good, but he was distinctly amazed when he heard it. It was not only superb in itself, but it was thoroughly and even professionally trained. As she sang, a crowd gathered silently at the doors and the open windows, and as she ended the cavatina a volley of applause sounded from all sides.

General Tenny stood near her, and he began immediately to urge her to sing again. She sang three times, and then, as she ended, she turned and came directly across the room to her mother, sat down, and began calmly fanning herself. The audience waited half expectantly, looking admiringly at her from a distance. Sylvester leaned over her shoulder. "I didn't know that you could sing like that, Miss Lannon," said he, rather lamely.

She looked up, waving her fan slowly backward and forward, and smiled vividly. "Did you like it?" said she.

"It was beautiful!" he answered.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Again there was a hop in the dining-room. This time Sylvester did not look upon it from the outside; he was identically a part of it. He stood just behind Mrs. Lannon's chair, with Miss Lannon's light wrap over his arm. General and Mrs. Tenny sat beside her, and a vacant chair was saved for Miss Lannon. Sylvester had been out sailing on the bay in the afternoon, and his face looked very fiery and red contrasted with the broad expanse of his white shirt front. He did not talk with the others, but stood watching Miss Lannon dancing. The orchestra was playing a waltz very beautifully. The young lady was dancing with a young fellow, one of the party with whom Sylvester had been sailing in the afternoon. He had close-cropped light hair, and it looked almost white in contrast with his sunburnt face. The two were sweeping around the room in the stream of the dance. When they came opposite to their party they stopped abruptly, and Miss Lannon sat down in the chair beside her mother, fanning herself violently.

The young man began instantly talking with Sylvester. By-and-by Sylvester offered his arm, and Miss Lannon instantly arose and accepted it, letting her fan fall with a snap. They walked forward a step or two, and then joined directly in the stream of the dance.

"You dance splendidly, Mr. Sylvester," said she after a while.

Sylvester laughed. "Thank you," said he; but he felt very much pleased.

By-and-by they stopped, and then he began to feel how very warm it was. "Let us go out on the porch," said he, as they stood in front of where Mrs. Lannon sat.

"Take your wrap, Caroline," said the elder lady, and she reached it to Sylvester.

They walked up and down the long stretch of dark porch, winding in and out between the groups clustered in the darkness. The sea-breeze was blowing steadily and coolly. "You had better put on your wrap, Miss Lannon," said Sylvester.

"Oh, I do not feel chilly."

"I dare say, but it's not safe." He wrapped the shawl gently around her head and throat as he spoke, and she did not resist. Their eyes met, and for a moment they looked steadily at one another. Sylvester felt his heart thrill, and then it began beating unsteadily. Miss Lannon turned her eyes away, and together they walked to the end of the porch, and leaning on the railing, stood looking into the sky and across the sharp level of the ocean. Sky and water and sand were blurred together in the darkness, and only a recurrently coming and fading gleam of white showed the breaking of the water, the ceaseless roar and rush of which came up loud on the soft breeze. The stars sparkled in the broad stretch of sky like tens of thousands of jewels. "How beautiful it all is!" murmured Sylvester, and his heart felt very soft and tender.

"Yes," murmured Miss Lannon in answer, and then they were silent again.

Suddenly Miss Lannon clutched him by the arm. "There's that horrid Mr. Rosenblume," said she. "I know he is looking for me. I promised to dance the Lancers with him."

"Why did you promise to dance with him?" said Sylvester. "Confounded cad!" he added.

"I do not know why," said she. "He asked me."

"Sit down on the steps here," said Sylvester. "Maybe he won't see you."

She did as he bade, and they could see Mr. Rosenblume coming and going anxiously. Then he went away, and Miss Lannon gave a short laugh. They neither of them realized the cruelty or the rudeness of what they were doing. By-and-by the music struck up, and Mr. Rosenblume's chance was gone. Then Sylvester began to feel very uncomfortable. He did not find any more pleasure in being out on the porch with Miss Lannon, and he presently took her in to her mother.

THE FIFTH DAY.

It was a superb day for bathing. The surf was rather heavy, but the breakers came in very smoothly and evenly.

Sylvester and Miss Lannon, in their bathing suits, sat in the hot dry sand, lingering before they entered the salt chill of the water. "I don't think I ever spent a happier five days in my life," Sylvester was saying. He was gathering up handfuls of sand and pouring it into a little mound. "It seems strange that a fellow can become so intimate with people as I have become, and then go away and perhaps never see them again."

She was leaning a little toward him, with her round bare elbow in the sand, and she did not reply immediately. "Do you have to go home to-morrow?" said she presently.

"Yes," said he, "I have to go."

"Why do you have to go?"

Sylvester did not reply directly. It suddenly came to him that it would be the brave and manly thing to tell Miss Lannon of his engagement, and when he began to resolve to do so his heart began throbbing quickly; he could not tell just why. Suddenly Miss Lannon said, "Don't you ever come out to Minneapolis, Mr. Sylvester?"

"I never have been out there," he answered.

"If you do come, you will not forget to call on us, will you?"

He recognized the implied invitation to come. "No," said he, "I'll not forget," and then he stood up and shook the sand from his bathing suit.

The water felt very cold after the hot sand, and the two stood shuddering and irresolute as they entered the smooth sweep of the spent breaker. Then they stooped and let the water sweep over their shoulders. The sharp chill struck through them, and after that they felt it no more,

The surf was more heavy than Sylvester thought; there were not a great many people in the outer line of breakers. Miss Lannon was an excellent bather, and Sylvester felt the pleasure in meeting the breakers with her, and knowing that the crowd on the beach was looking at them. "Don't go too far out," said he; "the undertow is pretty strong to-day."

Three long and very large breakers came, the one directly after the other, and when they were passed it was not easy to come in through the outward sweep of water. Both felt that they were farther from shore than they had intended going.

"I think I will go out for a little while," said Miss Lannon; and Sylvester, with the feeling of uneasiness upon him, did not urge her to remain in the water. He left her close to the beach, talking to her mother, who sat in the sandy wash of the spent breakers. He himself went out again for a swim, passing through the outer breakers to the smooth water beyond. He paddled about indolently for a while, now and then turning on his back and floating, shutting his eyes to the hot, dazzling glare of the sun, that beat down straight upon him. Presently he turned his head, and then he saw that Miss Lannon was bathing alone at a little distance from him. He turned sharply over in the water, and let his feet drop, and found that he was out of his depth. "Take care, Miss Lannon," he called sharply. "Don't come out so far; it's not safe." A larger breaker that usual swept past, and when it had gone, Sylvester saw in an instant that his warning had come too late. As Miss Lannon dropped to touch bottom, he saw the water close over her face and head. The next instant he saw her begin to struggle in the depth, and the sight was dreadful. Her face came to the surface of the water, and she gave a sharp gurgling cry. He tried violently to swim toward her, but the undertow swept him back as inexorably as fate. He did not seem to make an inch of progress. "My God!" he said to himself, "she is drowning!" And he shouted sharply, "Help! help! help!"

The sweep of water subsided for a moment, and Miss Lannon gained a temporary foothold. He saw her face, the water streaming from it. But already she seemed dazed and bewildered. "Help! help!" she cried; and then he was very close to her. He reached out his hand, but could not quite touch her. Then the water rose again, and again it covered her face, and again she began to struggle. The next moment he reached out and touched her. He felt her cold hand clutch his arm, and then in an instant she had grappled with him. He dropped his feet, and found that he was out of his depth, and a sudden whirl of terror and despair swept through him. "Oh, God!" he thought, "we are both going to be drowned!"

In the next flash of thought he realized that if he lost his presence of mind they were both inevitably lost, and, with supreme effort, he steadied and composed his terror. Even as he did so the water again subsided around them, and he gained a temporary foothold.

"Miss Lannon!" he gasped, "Miss Lannon! don't be frightened! There is no danger. I can easily help you in if you won't catch hold of me. Let yourself float, and I can get you in in a minute."

He felt her hands relax upon him, and he knew that she had understood him and was obeying him. A great and profound feeling of relief swept through him, and as she loosed her hold, he felt courage and strength come back to him.

As she floated, he directed her toward the shore, now and then touching bottom, and now and then swimming; and then he saw that a dozen men were coming toward them, and that the people on the beach were running excitedly and gathering in a crowd, and he knew that it had seen what danger they were in. It had all passed in less than a minute, but it seemed to him as if it might have lasted a quarter of an hour.

The next minute they were within their depth and there were a half-dozen men around them. Sylvester helped Miss Lannon to the shore, where her mother stood. The poor lady was as white as death, wringing her hands violently, moving her lips without saying anything.

Miss Lannon walked directly up to her. Her hair had become loosened and was streaming with water, but she was very composed. "Don't be foolish, mother," said she. And then, turning to Sylvester, "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Sylvester." She spoke very quietly, and then she took her mother by the arm and led her away up to the bath-houses.

"By George! That girl has got the pluck!" said one of the men to Sylvester. It was the young fellow with the light hair who had danced with her the night before.

"Yes, she has," said Sylvester, and then he turned away. He stood on the beach for a while, but he did not go into the water again, and presently went away to his bath-house.

The hotel was full of talk about what had happened; a score or more of men congratulated Sylvester within an hour, and he began to grow very tired of the sameness of the words that were said.

Mrs. Lannon did not appear at dinner, but the daughter came to her place and ate her meal composedly.

As Sylvester sat in the warm sun after dinner, holding a cigarette absently in his fingers, and thinking about what had happened that morning, he saw Miss Lannon come out upon the broad veranda. She came directly to him, and he arose from his seat as she approached. She reached out her hand to him, and he took it mechanically. She pressed his hand firmly. "I owe my life to you, Mr. Sylvester," said she, "and I can never forget it."

Sylvester felt himself blush hotly, and was conscious that he stood very awkwardly. "Don't mention it, Miss Lannon," he muttered.

She did not seem to feel the absurdity of his words. She stood silently for a little space. "You have saved my life, Mr. Sylvester," said she again, "and I shall never forget it." And then she turned and left him, and he stood looking after her.

He did not see anything of the ladies again until after supper; then, as he stood in the doorway, he saw that they were sitting together at a little distance. The sun had just set, and the delicate gray of evening was beginning to shade the brightness of the day. He went directly over to them, picking up a chair on his way, and sat himself down near them.

"Oh, Mr. Sylvester!" began Mrs. Lannon; "I don't know how I shall ever thank you; I don't know what to say. You have saved my daughter's life, Mr. Sylvester." She began immediately to grow agitated.

Miss Lannon laid her hand on her mother's wrist, and Sylvester noticed how the rings on her fingers glittered. "Don't, mother!" said she—"don't give way to your feelings again."

"No, don't!" said Sylvester. "I am sorry I came if I agitate you. I am going home to-morrow morning, and I felt as though I wanted to say good-by before I went."

"Oh, I am so sorry you are going," said Mrs. Lannon, "and indeed I'll never, never forget you and what you have done as long as I live."

"Indeed, Mrs. Lannon," said Sylvester, "it will always be a matter of pride to me to think of what I have done—that I have saved such a lovely and beautiful life as that of Miss Lannon." He felt that he was speaking very strongly, and his heart began beating thickly. But he continued without giving himself time to doubt the perfect good taste of his words. "I never have met any one that I admired more than your daughter, Mrs. Lannon. I think she is a lovely and splendid woman, and I feel as if the five days that I have spent here have given me a friendship that—that—" He stopped, not knowing how to continue. "I want to show you the picture of a very dear friend of mine, and I wish that you and Miss Lannon could know her," he said.

He took out his pocket-book as he spoke, opened it, and drew out a picture of Letty Dugdale, which he gave to Mrs. Lannon. "This is Miss Dugdale, and I am going to be married to her in November," said he.

Mrs. Lannon took it and looked at it, and then handed it to her daughter. The young lady took it in turn, and looked steadily at it. Sylvester gazed at her without hearing the words of congratulation that the mother poured out.

"It's a very lovely face," said Miss Lannon at last, "and I congratulate you, Mr. Sylvester." And she handed the picture back to him.

As he put the photograph back into his pocket-book, General Tenny came up and spoke, and Miss Lannon turned toward him and began talking.

Sylvester sat silent for a few moments, and then he got up and went away. He went straight to his room, and packed his clothes in his valise. When he came down stairs again it was dark, and the Lannons were gone.

As he stood uncertainly for a while close to the edge of the porch and behind a pillar, he suddenly heard a voice speak his own name.

"I hear Sylvester is going away to-morrow morning."

"I am glad of it," said another voice, which he recognized as belonging to Mr. Rosenblume; "he's a d—— stuck-up ass."

Sylvester knew he had not been seen. He instantly turned and walked directly up to where Mr. Rosenblume sat. Mr. Rosenblume's back was turned, and he did not see the approach of the other. Sylvester laid his hand suddenly and firmly on his shoulder.

"I don't suppose you know any better," said he, "and so you are excusable. But a gentleman does not usually express his opinion so freely upon the porch of a hotel." And then he turned away, leaving Mr. Rosenblume annihilated.

EPILOGUE.

Sylvester did not see the Lannons—mother and daughter—again to bid them good-by, and in November he married Miss Dugdale.

CENTRAL PARK IN SUMMER.

SEQUESTERED in a rocky nave,
I watch the sunlight slowly creeping
Along the gray and mottled pave,
Where summer shadows lie a-sleeping.

Across a dark and mossy rock
A shallow streamlet spray is casting;
But from the west there comes the shock
Of dull, prosaic, dusty blasting.

Anon I hear the rumbling tire
Of some bedecked and festal carriage;
My fancy hears the droning choir
And hopes it was a pretty marriage.

But all in vain I try to think
That I am in some forest heaven,
Upon a mountain's misty brink.
Ah! dreams will lag at thirty-seven.

Imagination, swift and vain,
Like yonder bee flits idly by me;
I watch the shadows wax and wane,
And wish that she would stop to try me.

Despite your artful dells and bowers,
Dear Central Park, ah! more's the pity,
Still undeceived I count the hours,
And know that I am in the city.

W. J. HENDERSON.

BUFFALO BILL IN LONDON.

THE Tower, the Parliament, and Westminster are older institutions in London than Buffalo Bill's show, but when the New-Zealander sits on the London Bridge and looks over his ancient manuscripts of Murray's Guide-book, he is going to turn first to the Wild West. At present every one knows where it is, from the gentleman on Piccadilly to the dirtiest coster in the remotest slum of Whitechapel. The cabman may have to scratch his head to recall places where the traveller desires to go, but when the "Wild West" is asked for he gathers his reins and uncoils his whip without ceremony. One should no longer ride the deserts of Texas or the rugged uplands of Wyoming to see the Indians and the pioneers, but should go to London. It is also quite unnecessary to brave the fleas and the police of the Czar to see the Cossack, or to tempt the waves which roll between New York and the far-off Argentine to study the "guachos." It is all in London. The Cossacks and "guachos" are the latest addition, and they nearly complete the array of wild riders. There you can sit on a bench and institute comparisons. The Cossacks will charge you with drawn sabres in a most genuine way, will hover over you like buzzards on a battle-field—they soar and whirl about in graceful curves, giving an uncanny impression, which has doubtless been felt by many a poor Russian soldier from the wheat fields of Central Europe as he lay with a bullet in him on some distant field. They march slowly around over imaginary steppes, singing in a most dolorous way—looking as they did in Joseph Brandt's paintings. They dance over swords in a light-footed and crazy way, and do feats on their running horses which brings the hand clapping. They stand on their heads, vault on and off, chase each other in a game called "chasing the handkerchief," and they reach down at top speed and mark the ground with a stick. Their long coat-tails flap out behind like an animated rag-bag, while their legs and arms are visible by turns. Their grip on the horse is maintained by a clever use of these stirrups, which are twisted and crossed at will. They are armed like "pincushions," and ride on a big leather bag which makes their seat abnormally high.

The "guachos" are dressed in a sort of Spanish costume, with tremendous pantaloons of cotton and boots made of a colt's skin, which in their construction are very like Apache moccasins. They carry a knife at their back which would make a hole which a doctor couldn't sew up with less than five stitches, if indeed he was troubled at all. They ride a saddle which one of the American cowboys designated as a "—— —— feather bed," and they talk Spanish which would floor a Castilian at once. They ride bucking horses by pairs, and amuse the audience by falling off at intervals.

The great interest which attaches to the whole show is that it enables the audience to take sides on the question of which people ride best and have the best saddle. The whole thing is put in such tangible shape as to be a regular challenge to debate to lookers on. I for one formed my opinion, and have sacrificed two or three friends on the altar of my convictions. There is also a man in a pink coat who rides a hunting seat in competition with a yellow savage on a clear horse, and if our Englishman is not wedded to his ideals he must receive a very bad shock at beholding.

As you walk through the camp you see a Mexican, an Ogallala, and a "guacho" swapping lies and cigarettes while you reflect on the size of the earth. The manager, Major Burke, will tell you that you must not imagine that it is a simple job to handle this aggregated wild humanity from the waste places, because when a savage gets an idea into his head it takes enough debating to pass the home-rule for Ireland bill to get it out again. The Indians smell the choice meat which is being cooked for Colonel Cody's private tepee, and in their simple, unostentatious way they will come around and demand a rib. The Major says that the Indians eat too much for the good of their health, as they are constantly coming around to the cook asking for meat between meals. I have known of Indian scouts consuming ten days' rations in one day, but they kept their general good health by going without eating for the next week following; but in London it is different. The Major has to fine the cowboys for standing on their heads in the ring after the Cossack manner, all of which interferes with the eternal fitness of things. He will tell you that the Cossack saddle "sores the backs" of the horses, and gives the stablemen no end of trouble. The Major will conclude that the management of a light-opera company on the road is a mere beginner's work beside the people with the Wild West show, because they are all schooled in the theory that it is the proper thing to run a ten-inch knife into the anatomy of any one who does not agree with "their peculiar whim."

The remote effect of the whole thing will be that cattlemen out West will have little boys with cockney accents wanting to hire out as "cow-punchers," and the Sioux will have to "roost high" when this new generation of Indian fighters grows up in London, for it will last after the Sioux are raising one hundred bushels of corn to the acre.

Next year the whole outfit is coming over to the World's Fair with the rest of Europe, and they are going to bring specimens of all the continental cavalry. The Sioux will talk German, the cowboys already have an English accent, and the "guachos" will be dressed in good English form.

The Wild West show is an evolution of a great idea. It is becoming as great an educator as P. T. Barnum's, and, with its aggregate of wonders from the out-of-the-way places, it will represent a poetical and harmless protest against the Derby hat and the starched linen—those horrible badges of the slavery of our modern social system, when men are physical lay figures, and mental and moral cogwheels and wastes of uniformity—where the greatest crime is to be individual, and the unpardonable sin to be out of the fashion.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

NINE ACRES OF ELECTRICAL EXHIBITS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Department of Electricity is to collect the contributions of the world to its demonstration of the progress of electric science in a building which will be likely to attract an extraordinary number of sight-seers. The shelter for this exhibit is one of the very beautiful buildings of the exposition. Its architects were Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City. It is 690 feet long by 345 feet wide, of Italian Renaissance in style, and elaborately finished with many towers. The principal entrance on the south side will have a noble and gorgeously decorated open vestibule, covered by a half-dome, the whole, it is said, being capable of the most brilliant illumination. Indeed, at every point where it is possible the building offers an opportunity for an electrical night display. To this end something like twenty thousand incandescent and nearly three thousand arc lights will be employed on or about the edifice. The building covers more than five acres and a half, and offers a floor surface of nearly nine.

Mr. John P. Barrett is the executive of the department. One of his lieutenants attended the exhibition at Frankfort, in Germany, in 1891, the first purely electrical exhibition ever held. One of the remarkable exhibits there was a demonstration of the fact that electrical power can be sent over great distances, the power for the fair being obtained from a waterfall one hundred miles away. A turbine wheel operated the alternating dynamos at the generating station, where power of a low voltage was put through a converter and transformed into a current of high voltage, and then, on the exposition-grounds, was reconverted into its original form. This process will be illustrated at Chicago in a modified manner. A Nuremberg firm showed some searchlights of amazing power. They formed one of the wonders of the modern world. A nobleman gave a ball forty-five miles away, it is said, and the light for the dancers was supplied at Frankfort by this lamp. That lamp had a five-foot refractor, but at Chicago there will be larger ones, the biggest being displayed on top of the Electrical Building, whence it will throw a huge white beam of light across the sky to bathe some distant bit of Lake Michigan in noonday splendor on the darkest nights. At Frankfort a theatre was fitted with electrical lights, arranged for the production of brilliant and realistic stage effects, which were more ingenious and beautiful than any we have ever seen. There will be no theatre in the Chicago display, but it is likely that the processes in use at Frankfort will be illustrated for us.

A very popular novelty in the building will be a large and complete villa or dwelling fitted with all the household electrical appliances of the period. There will be no occasion for lighting a match in it for any purpose whatsoever. At the front door those who wish to enter will open a box and press a button, which will light the lamps in the main hall, as would be done by an occupant returning home late at night. Some of the lamps in the house will be peculiar. There will be electroliers in certain rooms; rosettes of light embedded in the ceilings and walls of other rooms; in others, lamps set behind white porcelain. There will be lamps in all the closets, and these will be lighted by the opening of the closet doors, and put out when the doors are shut. The mere pressure of buttons in the door-frames will open each door in the building. Electric elevators will obviate the necessity for using the stairways. In all the common rooms and sleeping apartments there will be electric fires in open fireplaces, simulating coal and log fires, and each one started by the touching of a button. In each room there will be electric fans for use in hot weather. The library will contain an electric cigar-lighter, and the sewing-room will be modernized by an electric motor for running a sewing-machine. Burglar-alarms of the latest sort will fortify the doors and windows. The kitchen will astonish old-fashioned housewives, for all the usual operations of the servants will be aided by electrical devices. The electric stove will boil, bake, or toast whatever is to be prepared for the table; the laundry-machines will all be electrical, even to the smoothing-irons, from whose hollow interiors light flexible wires will reach to the main circuits in the nearest wall. Electrical washing-machines and electric centrifugal wringers will be notable parts of the paraphernalia. The ice or the cool air in the refrigerator will be made by the miniature ammonia ice-plant, which will be arranged to cool the entire house on hot days and nights. The house will be forty-two feet wide by fifty feet deep, and therefore each device will be of full working size and power.

A very beautiful exhibit will be a Moorish minaret of cut glass and Bohemian colored glass, thirty feet in diameter and seventy feet in height. It will appear like a huge lamp at night. A telephone company will employ a fine orchestra to play in New York, and will conduct the sound of the music all the way to the Electrical Building, in which a great horn will throw out the melody for the benefit of all who care to visit the section. One electrical company will spend $350,000 upon its exhibit. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will show a full-sized model of a scene attending the laying of the first telegraph wire by Professor Morse, who, it seems, intended that the telegraph wires should be enclosed in lead pipe and buried. An English firm will send complete models of all the contrivances used in laying submarine cables. The electric street-car exhibit in one section of the building will be very fine and thorough, showing all the methods of applying electric power to the propulsion of cars. All the currents of power in use in the building will be supplied from dynamos set up by exhibitors in the Machinery Hall.

The French will make a splendid display in electric appliances that are universally celebrated as being the most artistic and often the most delicate products of the sort that any country produces. The French excel in the manufacture of delicate electrical instruments in use in scientific pursuits, and for their ornamental adaptations of electrical inventions. Belgium will be conspicuous in the display, but her contributions will be mainly practical, and will embrace both heavy and light machinery. England is very actively interested in perfecting a grand exhibit, and the electricians of our own country will make an enormous and marvellous presentation of their works. Among the German exhibits will be the astonishing Nuremberg searchlights, of which I have twice before had occasion to write.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts on the Columbian Exposition Grounds in Chicago will, when completed, be the largest building in the world, and the most remarkable architectural feature of the fair. As its length is 1687 feet, and its width 787 feet, the distance around it will be almost a mile. It covers 30½ acres, and, with its galleries, encloses 44 acres of floor space. Its enormous trusses that form its roof are 61 feet higher than were those of the great Machinery Hall in the last Paris Exposition. St. Peter's, at Rome, could be set up within the building, and viewed from the galleries as an exhibit. The architect of the enormous structure is Mr. George B. Post, of this city. The cost of the building will be $1,500,000.

A FIELD WALL.

ALONG the quiet dusty way,
Beneath the drowsy apple-trees,
It winds among the roses gay
That lure the booming bees.

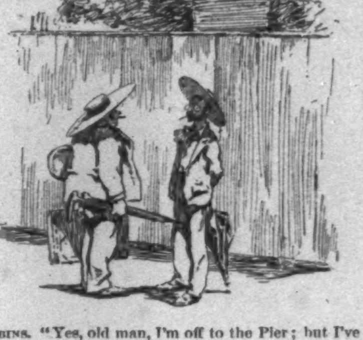
The Indian carrots round it nod
Among the tiger-lilies tall,
And seas of dreaming golden-rod
About it rise and fall.

In harmonies of gray and blue
It climbs the sumach-dotted hill
Beneath the berry vines unto
A woodland cool and still,

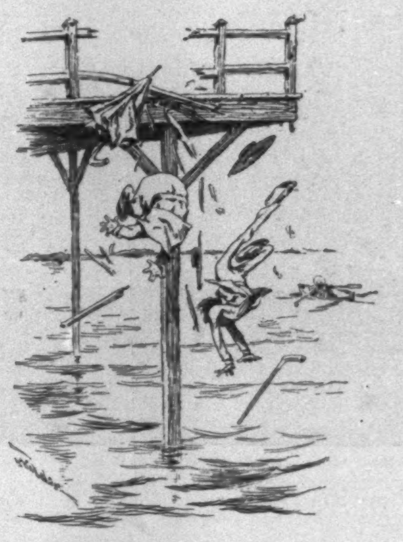
Where friskily a squirrel gray,
Through shadows softly o'er it thrown,
Goes loping on his merry way
From mossy stone to stone.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

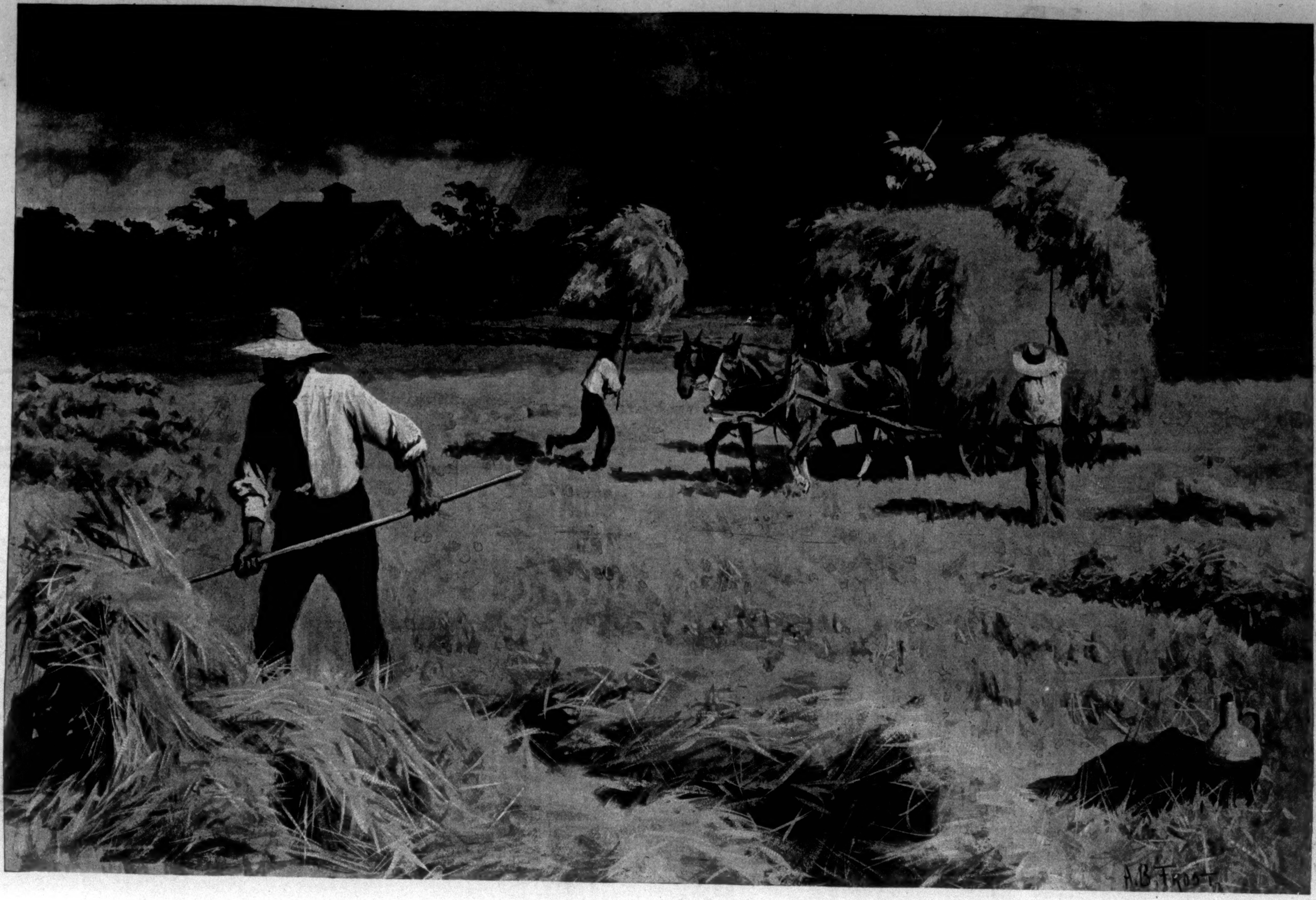
AGAIN IN THE SWIM.



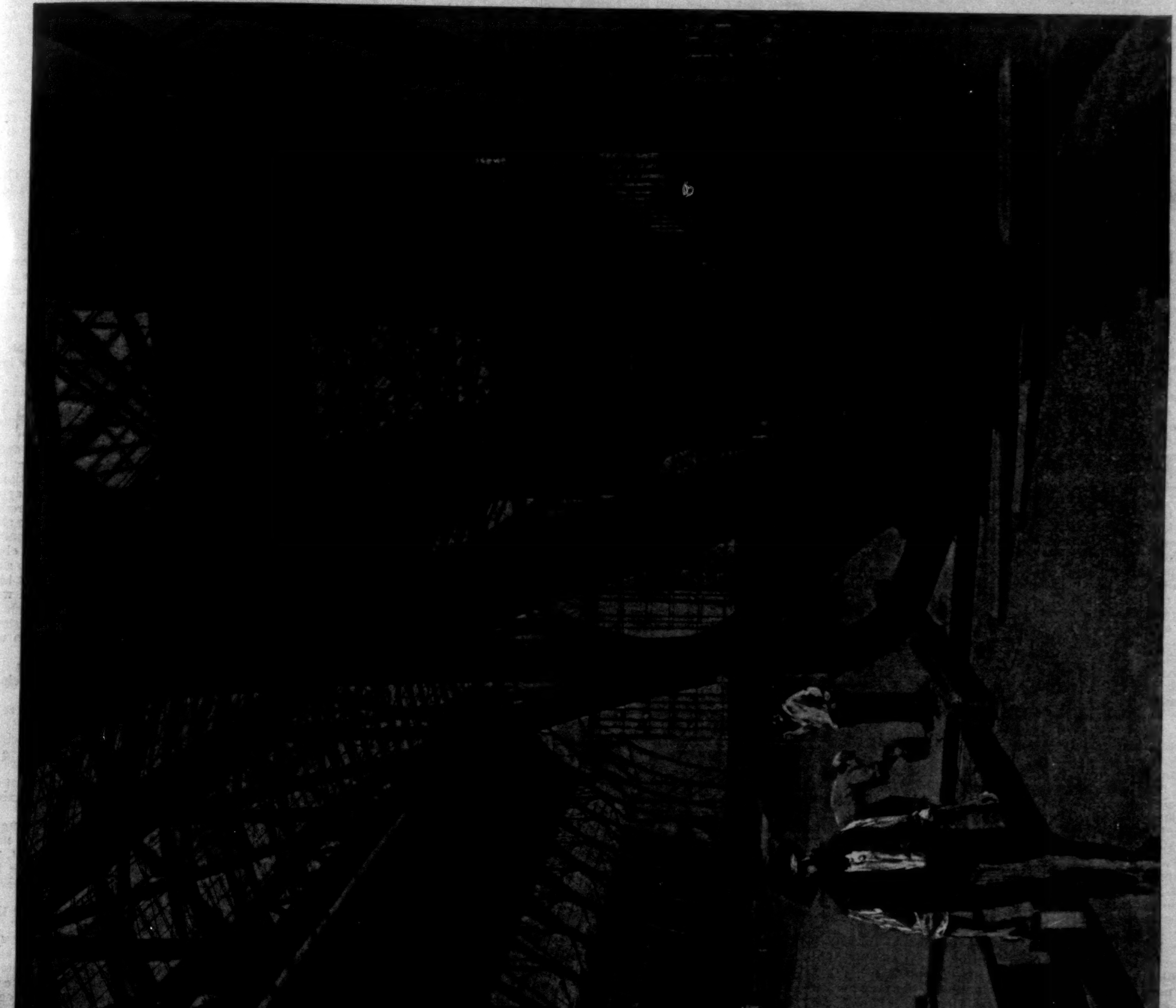
STEBBINS. "Yes, old man, I'm off to the Pier; but I've kept myself away out in Walla Walla so long now that I expect to have a pretty dry time."



But Stebbins was mistaken; for the very first day at the Pier he fell in with an old friend.



THE LAST LOAD.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—INTERIOR OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, SHOWING BASE OF ONE OF THE GREAT ARCHES.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 847.]

BAFFLED.

He played upon the simple stops of men
With ease, assurance, arrogance, almost;
To lift them into ecstasy with a toast—
Goad them to fury with a vitriol pen—
Fling favor in their faces and again
Compel it back—to mount an unreined host
And curb or spur it as he pleased the most:
This was child's play to him—the master, then.

At once the power to rouse and to control
He had, to awe, charm, anguish, and console—
A fascination that transcended art;
Yet he despised this magic bitterly,
Vain to one test as rhymes to lay the sea—
It could not win for him a woman's heart!

L. McK. Garrison.

A FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LOWELL.

One of James Russell Lowell's most amiable and endearing characteristics was the kindliness of his feeling toward young writers. Many who were entering active life at the period of his maturity have cause to remember gratefully the genial courtesy of his welcome, even when those who approached him were strangers, the cordiality with which he encouraged every honest endeavor, and the hearty sympathy which prompted him to offer counsel and guidance to all who were ready to profit by his instruction. Few authors of such distinction as he had attained are willing to give time and thought to the practical service of literary aspirants, but his generous impulses were quickly aroused, and were rarely appealed to in vain. It was often his pleasure to put aside entirely the privileges of his position, and leaving the occupations in which he was for the moment engaged, to discuss the methods by which a struggling devotee of letters might achieve success with as lively and enthusiastic an interest as if he were himself at the threshold of his career, and laboring in his own personal cause. The hours thus employed were not regarded by him as wasted, and in the satisfaction of cheering and stimulating a favored disciple he seemed always to find a sufficient reward.

On a memorable Sunday evening, more than thirty years ago, a young journalist drove through the streets of Cambridge, searching for Mr. Lowell's residence. He was not very familiar with the locality, and in the twilight dimness failed to recognize the landmarks. As he passed a corner of the college-grounds he saw a gentleman walking with a little girl along the sidewalk, and stopped his buggy to make inquiry.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "where Professor Lowell lives?"

"I can show you his house," the gentleman answered, "but he is not at home now."

"I must wait," said the questioner. "If I miss him to-night, I cannot see him for many months."

The citizen spoke a few words to the child, who left him and went on alone. Then he turned and beckoned to the occupant of the vehicle, who, after a conventional protest about giving trouble, was glad to accept the proffered assistance.

"I presume you are acquainted with Mr. Lowell?" he remarked, while following his conductor as closely as possible, "since you say he is not at home."

"I may consider myself acquainted with him," was the response. "My name is Lowell."

"A relative, no doubt," thought the young man, who was ignorant of everything connected with the poet's family. He was misled by the jesting answer, and did not imagine that in this unexpected way he had encountered the very person he was seeking.

"I have never met him," he said, aloud, "and I may be wrong in calling so unceremoniously. Perhaps you know him well enough to tell me if he would be willing to receive a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* who has had no time to ask for an interview."

"You misunderstood me," the supposed kinsman replied. "I am Professor Lowell. I shall be happy to see you as soon as we get to a light. Will you tell me who you are?"

The visitor was taken by surprise, and somewhat confused. He had especial reasons for wishing to speak with the editor of the *Atlantic*, and this was his single opportunity, as he was on the point of starting for a distant city; but the idea that he might be interfering with an engagement for the evening made him uneasy, and he frankly said so.

"I was going with my daughter to a friend's house," Mr. Lowell explained, "but she does not need me, nor does anybody there. I think you do, if I may say it, now that I have heard your name. I had it on my mind to write to you, but this is much better."

A moment later he stopped at his gate, and having arranged for the disposal of horse and buggy, led the way to his library, where a conversation ensued, which within twenty-four hours the journalist repeated, as fully and minutely as he was able, in a private letter to a still younger brother of his craft. Nothing that could be recalled was omitted, and the familiar practice of the newspaper reporter was serviceable in the endeavor to reproduce the exact words that were used. The interview was an event of unusual interest to him, and he was glad to share the pleasure it afforded with a near friend. From this letter, returned long afterward to its writer, the details now given are extracted. What Mr. Lowell said is transcribed with literal fidelity, but it will be understood that his remarks were not always of such unbroken continuity as they appear in the following paragraphs, and that many of the questions which called them forth are excluded, as also are other incidental parts of the dialogue, unnecessary to the purpose of this reminiscence.

The caller's name was wholly unknown outside the circle of his own associates, and as his age was only a little over twenty, it may be assumed that his claim to attention as an author was slight. But he had a project for the magazine which the publishers had considered, and for which he desired the sanction of the higher authority. From what Mr. Lowell had mentioned in the street about writing to him, he fancied that this, and this alone, was the subject to be debated. He was speedily undeceived.

"I have several of your short articles here," said the host, after a few general phrases had been exchanged, "and I should like to talk to you quite plainly on their account. Can I do so without offence?"

To such a proposition, however unexpected, there could be but one answer.

"Well, then; you saw that your notice of ——'s book was in the last *Monthly*. I must tell you that I had misgivings about printing it—and why."

"Was it so very bad?"

"I don't say that. If I had thought it bad I should have sent it back. At the same time, it was not precisely for its merit that I published it. I shall puzzle you by saying that I was undecided because it was yours. If it had come from anybody else—"

"You would have rejected it?"

"Not at all. I should probably have used it without hesitation. But as a piece of your work it did not please me. I would prefer to see you travelling on a different course—and a better one."

"May I ask, then, why you did publish it?"

"Ah! As I told you, I have read a good many of your manuscripts, and through them and your letters I think I know you fairly well. It struck me that you had tried hard to do an unusually good thing, and would be more concerned about this particular article than about any of the others. If I had refused it you would have been badly cut up, and I judge that cutting up unnecessarily is not the best treatment for one of your kind, at your time of life. You will not think half so well of the review looking it over in type as you would if it had been discarded. You understand that as one of the regular book notices it served its purpose; but I am confident that the less you do in that style the better you will be satisfied hereafter."

He touched a tender spot, for the young writer's estimate of the article was precisely what he had guessed. But his manner was so gentle, and his kind intention so manifest, that no sensible person could have received the criticism ungraciously. Perceiving that his admonitions would not be thrown away, he turned to other fields of literary industry in which his guest was plodding, pointing out the temptations to which he thought beginners were liable, suggesting expedients by which the best results might be produced in various directions, and indicating courses of study which he regarded as desirable in the case of one who had lost the chance of thorough training for his vocation. Much of what he said was too direct in application to be repeated; but his opinions on matters pertaining to magazine management, delivered with the freedom and candor that were natural to him, have a general interest, little as they may accord with the positions assumed by editorial authorities at the present day. Some of his observations had a still broader bearing, and brought into view certain principles which he believed to be of the first importance in American authorship. Of all conditions, the most essential, he declared, was independence—absolute independence in thought and in expression.

"Imitation, even as an experimental study or as a pastime," he said, "is a dangerous practice; but if deliberately undertaken, it is destructive. Let me tell you what happens in hundreds of lamentable instances. An inexperienced writer conceives a story—perhaps a very good one—the plan of which resembles some work by a famous author. The first thing he does is to make that author his model. He adopts his forms, and copies all his tricks of manner. He could not do himself a worse injury. Magazine men are occupying themselves a great deal just now with supernatural effects. When their fancy takes a flight into grotesque or marvellous regions, they almost invariably set up Poe as a pattern; and the farther they can get away from their own identity in the attempt to mimic him, the more contented they are. It does not occur to them that even if they made his style literally their own, they would have little to be proud of."

He was asked if he found nothing to admire in Poe's work.

"For my own part I have no great liking for his prose. It is ingenious and 'taking,' and if I could get a story like 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' or 'The Gold-Bug,' for the *Atlantic* every month, I should think myself lucky. But I don't call it a high order of composition. It is the last line of fiction I should wish to see followed by any one under my guardianship. That, however, is not the question. What I object to is the slavish imitation of Poe's style. It is a good style for him, undoubtedly, but not for another, unless you find an exact duplicate, intellectually and morally, of the man himself. Of course it is copied solely because of the notion that tales like those which Poe invented ought to be told in the same language that he used—not because of its supposed purity or brilliancy. Bad styles are quite as likely to be followed as the best. Dickens has a score of imitators where Poe has one, and they are all misled by the same delusion. They will never amount to anything until they learn that when they can tell a story in their own way, and nobody else's, it may be worth the telling, but not before."

Something was said about the familiar precept that days and nights be given to the study of a certain English essayist.

"Any author of that rank is worth studying. That needs no demonstration. But study that aims at acquiring a similarity of style is misdirected. Give it a moment's thought. Authors are imitated for the very peculiarities which prove that they themselves are not imitators. Scott, in his day, or Thackeray in ours, did not rise by trying to write as some one else had previously written. Nor have any men of real mark. Their styles are their own, and are good only when perfectly natural to them. When there is a persistent effort at originality, the style suffers in consequence. What can be more distasteful than Dickens's affectations? And it is only his affectations that the copyists get hold of. They might as well borrow his clothes, and attempt to pass themselves off as the actual man. Why cannot the young authors let their style take care of itself? What to say should be their concern, not how to say it. Will you look at Dumas, for an extreme example? He has no more grace of style than a kangaroo; yet we are all glad to read his stories, and, if fairly translated, they would be quite as good in English as they are in French.

"You will understand that I have nothing to say in excuse of negligence. A sloven is no more to be tolerated in literature than out of it. Just as a man is bound to be neat and careful in dress when he goes out into the world, so he is bound to present his ideas to the public in decorous and becoming attire. But if he wants to make an agreeable impression he will keep as far away from vanities and fripperies, on one side, as from untidiness on the other. No one that overdresses is ever well dressed."

The visitor did not fail to acknowledge his indebtedness for the consideration which he and his first attempts at magazine-work had received. He spoke of his experience as an exceptional piece of good fortune, since in the natural order of things such indulgence could not often be shown, or in many cases.

"You think I am too busy with other matters," said Mr. Lowell. "Perhaps I ought to be, but the truth is I allow you new-comers to occupy more of my time than you suspect. I can't see a clever youngster wading in a bog without lending a hand to set him on solid ground. I may make mistakes, but, on the whole, it pays. It pays me, at any rate. I have here a little manuscript which would show you whether I take pains or not when a writer interests me. It is by a New York man—George Arnold; possibly you know him. You do? Very good. His story is full of bright things, but I don't feel like using it as it stands. I wish you would take it and ask him to look at the notes I have made. If he will act upon them, I will publish it with pleasure. He will have to change the whole ending, and he probably will not like that. But I have made my reasons clear, and I hope he will see the force of them. I really hope he will, for if he keeps it in this form, and lets it appear somewhere else, he will lose a good chance. You can tell him my suggestions are chiefly for his own sake."

"I shall be very glad to tell him. I suppose the alterations you propose are extensive, since the copy has to go back."

"Do you mean that I might make them myself? Oh no! I could never do that. It wouldn't be fair. I do not hold that an editor is privileged to turn an author's work inside out merely to fit it for the magazine he directs. No; the author's rights are paramount. I will say distinctly whether I want an article or not; but when it comes to a question of changing anything, much or little, I must have the writer's consent. He knows what he means better than I possibly can. If I find a word or a passage that does not suit me, I am bound to consider that it may be used with a definite and significant purpose, which I, reading hastily, it may be, do not detect. I have heard of cases in which the plots of serials were badly deranged by the caprice of an editor who did not know what was coming in future chapters. I don't say that I am not sometimes tempted to add a touch of improvement. I don't say that I always resist the temptation. But no editor is really justified in altering or amending against an author's wish; and if done arbitrarily it is sure to be against the author's wish. Certainly I allow exceptions to my rule. Fitz-James O'Brien gave me, not long ago, an article on Dexter's 'Street Thoughts.' While I was reading the proof it struck me that one of his points might be sharpened, and I put an entirely new edge on his last sentence. I did this without compunction, for I was sure the change would please him. You can tell instinctively in such a case. But if O'Brien were an obtuse man, I should have let his review alone. I will risk a liberty with a wit which I would not venture upon with a dunce."

Among the remarks which especially caught the listener's attention was one to the effect that every man who wrote with an earnest purpose was entitled to a hearing.

"Do you mean a hearing in the *Atlantic?*"

"I do. I should be sorry to deny any one his fair chance, if it can possibly be given."

"And does that apply to persons against whom there may be a popular prejudice?"

"Why not? Unless the prejudice is founded on circumstances that would make exclusion necessary. Are you thinking of anybody in particular?"

"I was thinking of Whitman. It would be a great satisfaction to him if he could see his work in your magazine."

"Has he spoken about it?"

"Not to me. I don't know that he has ever thought of it. But I am certain that nothing would please him more."

"Well," said Mr. Lowell, after reflecting a moment, "you may tell him that the *Atlantic* is open to him. He has a clear right to be heard; there can be no question of that. I only hope he will give me the best he can do."

"He should try for his own sake. But what he thinks his best may not be what you will like best."

"As to my liking, it doesn't matter in this instance. Considering how he stands, and the cry that is raised against him, I shall probably print whatever he sends, whether I like it or not. But I should very much prefer to like it."

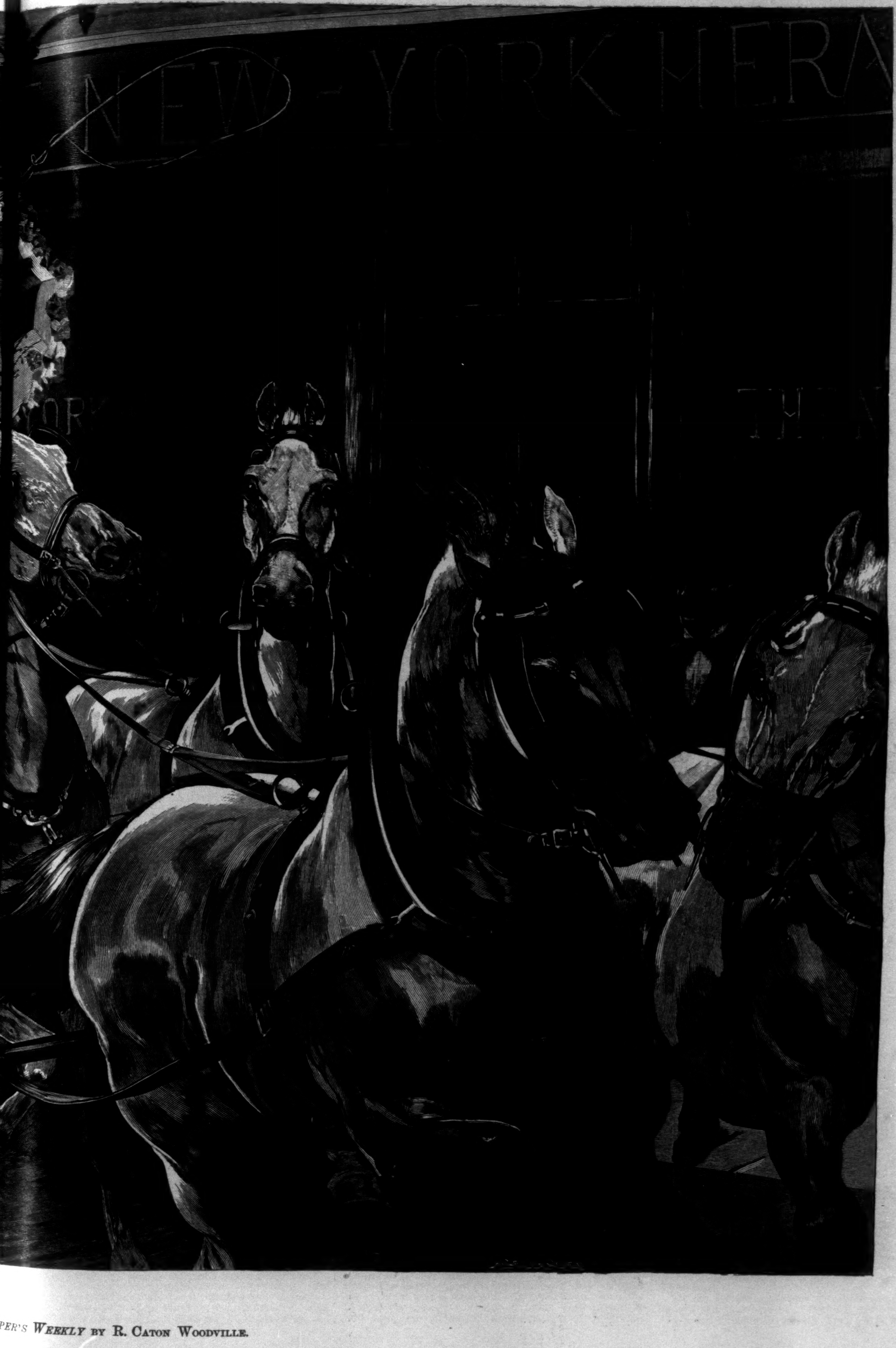
In this way, almost through an accidental turn of conversation, the publication of Walt Whitman's early contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* was brought about. Mr. Lowell was rather sharply criticised for admitting it, not because it contained anything to which objection could be made, but on account of the general intolerance with which the poet of plain and undisguised speech was then regarded. The large-minded editor was not, however, at all disturbed by this censure, whether publicly or privately administered. It may be acknowledged that he did not get from Whitman exactly what he wished for. He readily published the poem, but regretted that it was not in what he considered the writer's best vein. He would have preferred, he afterward said, to receive the little bird fantasy which appeared about the same time in the New York *Saturday Press*.

Midnight was close at hand when the visitor took leave and drove away, carrying with him as agreeable a sense of obligation as it had ever been his fortune to incur. His host had given him many more things to remember and reflect upon than are here set down, but the greater proportion of these would have no claim to public attention. It is not pretended, indeed, that any part of the record is of high importance. In showing, however, with what unreserved good-will this master of American literature was ready to discourse—not *ex cathedra*, but in a mood of conversational ease and informality—upon subjects of attraction to a novice, it illustrates in perhaps a new way the hospitable charm of his nature, and throws a light upon certain qualities which were not unveiled to all, and with which only those who came near him were likely to be familiar.

A word may be added respecting the fate of Arnold's tale, above referred to. The desired reconstruction of the final chapter was made, and the manuscript was returned to the magazine and promptly accepted. Then it came to grief through one of the mishaps which, if not frequent, certainly did not come singly under Mr. Lowell's editorial management, and of which more than one contributor had mournful experience. It cannot be denied that articles intrusted to his keeping were occasionally liable to mysterious disappearances, and that for those which were once mislaid there was no positive assurance of recovery. The inability to keep strict watch over them was a failing which he lamented with abundant contrition, though probably not with such depth of feeling as the individuals who suffered from it. Arnold's story gained nothing, after all, by its transformation. When sought for to be put in type it could nowhere be found. The author was asked to supply a copy, but he never was addicted to excesses of industry, and the proposal to do his work twice over did not at all accord with his leisurely habits. He preferred to take the chance that the original would come to light as miraculously as it had vanished; but marvels of that sort were not numerous in the early annals of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and his favorite prose production was lost not only for a day, but for all time.

E. H. House.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.—Drawn for *Harpe*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per's *Weekly* by R. Caton Woodville.

THE RINGOLD BROTHERS.

They were not brothers at all, nor was their name Ringold —yet letters addressed "Ringold Brothers, Parachutists," reached them. They had with them a tent, in which appeared a dove-trainer, down on the bills as "Mademoiselle Marchon," but really Lettie Martin—as the Ringold Brothers were really Frank Dane and George Settel. These, with the father of Lettie as doorkeeper and general manager, made up the "Ringold Brothers' Amusement Aggregation," which so delighted the people of the prairie towns.

Our county-fair managers were determined to have something unusually attractive, and I, the farmer-preacher of the neighborhood, was sent to make arrangements, if possible, for the appearance of the "Aggregation." There was little outside amusement on the prairies in the early days, and I found the whole of the adjoining county, apparently, surrounding the strangers when I first saw them. The girl was slender, dark, and supple. The "brothers" as unlike as the poles—one, Dane, heavy, strong, and firm muscled; the other, a mere boy in appearance, with clear blue eyes and delicate features.

There had been an accident during the afternoon exhibition, and George had been hurt. He lay on a bunk in the rear of the tent after the crowd had dispersed.

"Much hurt, my boy?" asked a visitor.

"Shook up some. My bones ache pretty bad."

"What was the matter?"

"Th' parachute didn't work right, an' I come down hard. We go up together on th' trapeze bar, an' Frank stays with th' balloon while I drop. Things didn't go right to-day."

The dove-trainer just then came in and inquired as to the young balloonist's condition. She put her hand on his forehead, and a flush swept over his pale thin face.

"He wants her to marry him," the boy said, when she had gone out; "and her father wants it, too. She don't know what to do."

"And you?"

"I want her, too, and he hates me for it. The accident to-day did not make him feel sorry."

The business manager entered, and I arranged for the company's appearance at Plainfield the next day but one.

A county fair in the West is unique. There can be nothing like it, for nowhere else can the people live under the same conditions. It is not held in a grove of stately elms, but on a level, sunburned prairie, separated from all the surrounding sunburned prairie only by a barb-wire fence. The rough, unpainted sheds hold horses and cattle from the settlers' claims—the best they have, but innocent of pedigree or registry. Vegetables and fruit are scantily sheltered from the hot sunlight by board awnings. Horticultural Hall is never lacking, and is a shed but one degree better than that used for the stock. It contains as motley a collection of curios as ever graced a Vanity Fair. Every family of the neighborhood has some heirloom of past and forgotten greatness back in Maine, New York, Virginia, or Illinois. These, with the crude bedquilts and sunflower lambrequins of native handiwork, combine to make the display cosmopolitan and entirely non-sectional.

The attendants come in wagons from twenty miles around. They wear no silken gowns or feathered hats. Calico, gingham, jeans, these are the materials for clothing. But all are happy, and the rustic maids and lads swing hands and witness the mustang-race oblivious to their surroundings, so absorbed are they in their own enjoyment.

From the moment of the balloonists' arrival they were the observed of all. Their tent was crowded with gaping spectators, who gazed in wonder at the seeming intelligence shown by the trained doves.

In the mean while the dirt-covered and smoke-stained balloon was being slowly inflated over a slow fire. Heated air was to prove the lifting power, and two hours went by before the rolling, tumbling mass of canvas was ready for the ascension.

As an acquaintance of the performers I had been assisting in the inflation. Suddenly I noticed that I was left in charge, while voices harsh and loud came from the tent. I made my way through the crowd and entered the canvas doors. George lay back on a dirty coverlid on the ground, his face paler than ever, while the others stood around him.

"I tell you I am afraid," declared the recumbent figure, "and besides I am sore from the fall."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Dane; "it's easy enough when things work right. This is no time to back out."

"We won't get the money unless you go up," put in the girl's father; "and you know we have only enough to pay our way to the next town."

The youth groaned, and I could see a feeling of pity sweep over the dove-trainer's face. She knelt beside him and whispered something in his ear.

Dane's face grew dark, and I thought he clinched his heavy fists tighter. In a moment the consultation was over, and the girl remarked, quietly: "He will go. Get ready!"

She was dressed in a half circus costume, and the little scene in the dingy tent seemed almost theatrical.

The doorkeeper and I went out to the balloon, and the girl soon followed. Martin laid the trapeze of the parachute out on the prairie grass, and stationed sturdy young farmers at the guys with sharp knives to loose the captive balloon at the word.

Then the "Ringold Brothers" appeared at the tent door, resplendent in red and white tights. The older was yet angry, while the generous application of paint given the cheeks of the younger did not entirely conceal their pallor.

The performers were suitably and bombastically introduced to the crowd as "the greatest aerialists now on earth"; and then they took hold of the trapeze, and the word was given.

From the balloon, which would descend slowly as the heated air escaped, depended a long rope. Into a loop of this Dane could swing himself, while his companion was cast adrift in the parachute. The rope lay stretched for many feet on the ground.

With a quick swish the guy ropes were severed, and the balloon gave a sudden tug to its burden, lifting it slowly away skyward. So uncommon was the sight out on the plains, that of the hundreds present not half a score saw three events that happened around them almost in an instant.

As the balloon lifted the parachute and trapeze from the earth some ten feet, Dane let go his hold on the bar, and fell to the ground. The rising mass gave a lurch, and leaped faster upward. Already the long trail rope had but a few feet yet lying on the sunburned prairie grass.

Like a flash something red and blue and spangled sped by us and seized the rope, which just then was carried into air. It was Mademoiselle Marchon, and her lithe little body was swaying back and forth like a long pendulum at the end of the strand, and steadily, hand over hand, she climbed upward, until, just as the two bodies became indistinct, we could see the clinging figure on the pole lift her up to his side and draw her close to him.

Then we turned to Dane. He lay like one stunned at the door of the tent, gazing at the rolling and tossing balloon. As we looked at him a confession seemed wrenched out of his very soul, and he gasped, "The parachute won't spread!"

Then I knew it all, and trembled with reproach that I did not better understand what was likely to come. Dane's jealousy had nearly killed the boy two days before, and now meant to complete the work. The dove-trainer, thinking Dane's fall would simply send the balloon higher, had given herself as a ballast, and would share the young rival's fate.

Higher and higher in the clear air went the balloon, the smoke rolling out of its open lower end. The clinging figures on the crossbar were merged into one. First ordering Dane watched, the doorkeeper and myself mounted horses, and followed as fast as we could the course of the aerialists.

Soon it was evident that the strength of the heated air was exhausted, for the balloon and its passengers began to descend. That its speed was rapid was also evident, for the weight was greater than was intended for it at that stage of the proceedings.

Suddenly there was a separation. The rope connecting parachute and balloon had been severed, and the pair would trust themselves to the big umbrella. But the umbrella, as Dane had said, would not work. The great ribs refused to expand, and like a shot from a tower the trapeze bar and its occupants were dragged downward.

It was a chaotic mass of ropes, bars, canvas, and spangles that we found a half-mile further on upon the prairie. Amidst it all lay two still forms close-locked in each other's arms. Martin lifted his daughter's face. No need to ask if there was hope. The pretty features were pale, but the dark lashes lifted, and the eyes looked at us in that trustfulness of childhood that comes to older hearts in times of peril. Her companion had fainted away, and she soon followed him.

We hurried them back to the tent, and laid their bespangled forms on the ground. It was hours before they regained complete consciousness, but there were no bones broken. The canvas had fallen under them and eased the blow.

They made a successful ascent together a week later. I married them as they sat on the trapeze bar ready to sail skyward. It gave our fair a great advertisement, and the crowd included nearly everybody in the county, and for miles outside of it.

Dane was tried for attempt at murder at the next term of court. But you know Western juries. He was declared not guilty, and was afterward killed in a dance-house in Colorado. Charles Moreau Harger.

THE HIGHEST OF ALL ROOF GARDENS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Those World's Fair visitors who divide their time in Chicago between the exposition and the city will be moved by different impulses in enjoying the latter's "sights." Some, for whose taste it seems to me difficult to account, will take the pains to visit the Haymarket, where, on May 4, 1886, took place the infamous anarchist meeting when dynamite bombs were thrown among the police. They will see simply an uninviting part of the city and the monument erected in honor of the police. Possibly some will visit the county jail to look at the entirely ordinary cells in which the felons were first imprisoned. The beautiful parks and the statues of varying degrees of sightliness will interest many more persons; the throngs in the broad but crowded streets will satisfy still more. The lake shore in front of the hotels is steadily growing busier and more attractive, and already constitutes a peculiar feature of the town. There the steamers that make excursions to the water-supply cribs and to the lake-side resorts are gathered, with bands of music playing upon their promenade-decks, tooters yelling for the rival lines, and great crowds of pleasure-seekers almost mingling with the throng at the Van Buren Street station of the Illinois Central Railroad, which runs trains almost comparable with our elevated trains in frequency to the exposition grounds and the thickening settlements which are building up the south side of the city.

The lake front reveals another marked peculiarity of the city—the fondness of the citizens for the sport of fishing. Running out from the shore are great government breakwaters of crib-work, which rise, like narrow causeways, a little above the water's surface. These are turned into fishing piers by the people, who form a fringe along them on all pleasant days. But the habit is carried to such an extreme that the bulwarks are often crowded in the hot weather. Then many thousands of persons begin to gather there at dawn, to presently form a multitude, which includes very many girls and women as well as men and boys. A number of bumboats, which the city, county, and State authorities have successively tried in vain to drive away, are moored along-side the breakwaters, and supply the crowds with drinks and food. Bait merchants, whose nets fixed on the stringpieces are so numerous as to give the structures a picturesque appearance, drive a good trade, and the strings of fish that are caught are seen in every part of the town as the fishers carry them homeward.

But the tall buildings will seem the greatest novelties to the visitors from rural districts and from most cities. Built of frames of steel, enclosed with mere envelopes of masonry, and set upon great pads upon the blue clay beneath the city, they rise like steeples on every hand in the thick of the town, and invite strangers to flit up and down in their light and often elegant interior courts, in the swift express elevators with which they are all provided.

The highest of these almost preposterous piles—the tallest building in the world—is the Masonic Temple. Its roof is now fitted up as a roof garden, and is, of course, unparalleled in height by any other place of resort except the Eiffel Tower or the few world-famous steeples of highest reach. The topmost story of the Masonic Temple is 298 feet above the corner-stone. The ceiling of the roof garden is 302 feet up in air, and the roof itself is 32 feet higher than any point of observation in the Auditorium tower, and 28 feet above any point accessible to the public in Chicago. The roof is in reality turned into an additional story—the twenty-first in order—for it is entirely enclosed by sliding windows, and covered by its own roofing of heavy plate-glass. It is fitted with steam-heating pipes for the comfort of visitors during cold weather, and is set about with flowers and plants, the plan of the managers being to augment these attractions with music and refreshments during the term of the World's Fair. This great roof chamber will accommodate 2000 persons. It is reached by seventeen elevators. Fourteen of these are for passengers, disposed in a semicircle at one side of the interior court, and forming an imposing battery in the rotunda on the ground-floor. These elevators are run to a greater height than any others in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago, or, in fact, than any except those in the Eiffel Tower. They are forced to a distance of 258 feet, at the speed of 750 feet a minute. To balance the great weight of the suspending ropes, each car carries a length of chain. Seven of the elevators run "express" to the tenth floor, and then begin to make stops at the higher stories.

The view from this altitudinous roof garden comprehends practically all of Chicago. Lincoln Park is entirely within the range of vision on the north, and so are the World's Fair grounds on the south, with the roofs of the city intervening and reaching far to the westward. The T-shaped river and its compressed activity are in plain sight, and so is the magnificent lake, with its breakwaters, its cribs, its curving shore, and its changing collections of shipping.

The building is owned by the Masonic Fraternity Temple Association, a stock company capitalized at two millions of dollars, in 20,000 one-hundred-dollar shares. By an issue of bonds, the company has raised one and a half millions of dollars in addition to meet the total requirement of three and a half millions of dollars needed for the completion of the undertaking. Stock to the value of fifteen hundreds of thousands of dollars was subscribed for in Chicago. The first sixteen of the twenty-one stories are arranged for offices, the four next succeeding floors being adapted for Masonic lodge-rooms, cloak-rooms, an assembly hall, a kitchen, a smoking-room, and for other uses. These apartments are said to form the most elegant and well-devised headquarters at the disposal of any fraternal organization in Christendom.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE DECORATED.

When the Emperor of Brobdingnag has settled his little dispute with his royal brother of Lilliput, incidentally reducing the square miles and the consequent revenue of the latter, his Brobdingnagian Majesty sendeth unto the Lilliputian King the Order of the Sacred Crocodile. The ruler of Lilliput, recognizing the compliment and the idea of "no hard feelings, y' know," pinneth the decoration upon his breast and sendeth for the envoy of Brobdingnag. And when the latter hath come into the royal presence the King doth hand him the jewelled star of the La-La, and requests that it be delivered unto his friend and whilom conqueror. Meanwhile the envoy receives for himself the Ribbon of the Dragon, so when the Emperor of Brobdingnag doth get his new decoration he calleth the Lilliputian ambassador, and bestoweth upon him a crescent of the Second Order of the Tame Cow. Then white-robed peace assumes the reins of government, and everybody is happy. That is one way they do it abroad.

At another time the Czar calls upon the President of France, and in an amicable postprandial mood they swap decorations, whereupon the Hohenzollern has a private lunch party for the Hapsburg, and they, too, swap orders, the diplomats not being forgotten in this exchange of jewels and sentiment. Then when they get up some big show to please the rampant populace, Czar, President, Emperor, and Minister cover their gay uniforms with these souvenirs of merit and affection, and impress the worthy citizens with their magnificence. Folks of less consequence occasionally do something that calls for recognition, and their sovereigns are pleased to make them a present of a decoration that entitles them to use the degree of K.G. or K.C.B. on their visiting-cards. Sometimes these monarchs may take a fancy to an American citizen and send him a decoration, that he, in turn, may decline, as Inspector Byrnes did when the King of Italy wanted to confer some honor upon him.

Many of these orders are historical and honorable, but they are favors of royalty, and out of place in the land of the free. Nevertheless, the citizens of this glorious republic have their own orders of decorations, from the greatest to the lowest, and they wait not for feasts and receptions to sport the badge, button, or ribbon. It is rather hard to say what proportion of men are not decorated, but it seems rather small. Probably the most widely known emblem is the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic that is worn in the lapel of the coat. There were about 1,500,000 men in the army at the close of the war, so there are plenty of wearers still on hand. Then there is the silk button, composed of the national colors, that belongs to the Loyal Legion, and both the Aztec Society and the Society of the Cincinnati have their orders of decoration. These are the principal military societies, but there are shoals of smaller ones that have some sort of distinctive badge.

The square and compass of the Masons is a decoration much worn, and there are also emblems that belong to the higher degrees. Then there are the other fraternal societies, all represented by their pin or button, which the members wear religiously. No class of society is exempt from this decorative fever; highest and lowest belong to some association that has its decoration. The college graduate who seeks to belong to the leisure class has his college society pin on the bottom of his vest, and wears it morning, afternoon, and evening. He thinks it is good form, though his opinions may undergo a change at the end of a twelvemonth, and the pin be banished to the under side of his vest lapel, where it is not so prominent. But this high-bred youth is, nevertheless, a member of the Grand Army of the Decorated, and he may add his regiment pin to his orders. It is rather hard to understand this craze, for these pins and badges are not distinctive of any merit on the part of the wearer. When a man has a right to any order of bravery, such as the medal of the Humane Society, the chances are that he is too modest to display the golden plate; but if he wins the hundred-yard dash in an athletic contest, the chances are that the world will be given an opportunity to know it. During election-times men and boys actually glory in wearing a tin button that bears the name of their favorite, so that the political census may be taken by walking along the street. Why do they do it? A K. G. only wears his order at receptions and dinners, and then the decoration does him some good, for it gives him precedence over some others. An order of that kind is something nice to have in certain lands, where the mere wearing of it entitles the owner to a front seat, but in this land of equality you have to fight to get a position at the head of the procession, and a thousand decorations would not help you in the least.

Yet the great and glorious multitude hang badges and buttons and pins over their clothing, and seem to like it. The Select Circle of the Fourth Ward has its garish decoration; the Gents of the Road follow suit; and if you cannot belong to these classical organizations, you may at least win a medal at the Hohokus Bowling Club, and be as good as your neighbor who belongs to the G.A.R. Any crowded thoroughfare will bear witness to this fact, that is apparent but not easily understood. It is a sad question, yet the office-boy will spend his first week's wages on a badge that proclaims him to be a member of the Back Lots Baseball Club, and join the Grand Army of the Decorated, and be as proud as the clubman who still wears his college society pin. A recent computation places the number of secret societies in the United States at 300, and the Masons are credited with 650,000 members. Giving each society a pin or badge of some kind, and continuing the estimate at a much smaller rate, the men of this country would be liberally decorated; and yet the athletic and other organizations are unaccounted for. We may not move in the highest circles, and be a Companion of the Star of India, as Sir Edwin Arnold is, but we can parade our political sympathies about election-time, and show our social affiliation the rest of the year as well as any other nation. Badge, button, or pin, it is all the same, and we do not wait for some big time to wear our decorations. The possessors of jewelled orders who inhabit the countries over the sea can't make half the show on plain week-days that an ordinary (but decorated) American citizen can.

STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S MAN.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE reason Stephen Bonsal, the correspondent, is selected as a newspaperman's man is because the things he does are the sort of things newspapermen would like to do, and his success is about the measure of success they all hope to attain. The reason he is written about now, instead of at an earlier or later period in his somewhat varied career, is because he possesses at the present moment what he would call "a news value," owing to his having done some fine things in Africa, and because he is occupying more or less valuable space in the English journals. The members of a profession or craft or calling seldom agree with the public in admiring the same representative of that profession. They know how difficult the particular thing they do is to do, and the public, which only judges by the result, does not. Hence you will hear of a painter's painter as you hear of a man's man, or a writer's writer, or an actor's actor. We find Mr. John S. Sargent worshipping Monet, of whose work the public knows little and understands less, and to which it much prefers pictures of little girls washing fox-terriers or other story-telling paintings of the *Graphic* Christmas number school, and we have Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson proclaiming George Meredith the great English novelist, while the public again very properly prefers the author of *Kidnapped*.

It is the same with newspaper men. The journalists of whom the public hear are seldom the journalists their fellow-workmen value. The public's journalists are gentlemen who own, not make, the great dailies, and who write instead of speak political orations which they call editorials, and who are rewarded, in consequence, by an appreciative government with diplomatic missions, but who cannot tell a display head from a third alarm of fire. The real newspaper men are unknown except to the men in their own office, and to the city editors of the other offices, who would like to get them for themselves. They are as anonymous as they are ubiquitous, and this is generally their own fault. Partly because they have made so many reputations by their pencils that they know how little worth while newspaper-made reputations are, and partly because their fellow-workers are as jealous of success as they are intolerant of failure, and would rather write a page about John L. Sullivan in training than a stickful about a rival who has risked his neck to tell anxious hundreds that an ocean steamer has not gone down, or that a company of militia has not been blown up with a stockade. Stephen Bonsal is one of those who do not own a great daily or write editorials, and who, though he has been in every court in Europe, and though he speaks as many languages, does not get a diplomatic mission. All he did get, when he did all these fine things the other day in Africa, was two paragraphs in one American paper which said he didn't do it. That is fame. Nevertheless, he appears here because he is a typical newspaper correspondent, and because he is one of the best representatives of the most picturesque class of workers of the present day.

The correspondent is the modern knight-errant. That has been said before, but it is not the less true for that. He wanders around the face of the globe with a mission, fighting windmills occasionally, sometimes dragons; and his loyalty to his paper is as praiseworthy as was the knight's loyalty to his lady, although he does not look for praise, because it is unselfish, and calls for great sacrifices and personal risk, and because it cannot be paid for in money. Young men of other professions are limited to that profession. They know all the workings of Wall Street and all the kings of Wall Street; they know all the new discoveries in medicine or all the old rulings of the law. But the correspondent knows all the kings of the Cannibal Islands and the pretenders to the thrones of Europe, "emperors, charlatans, pick-pockets." He sits down with the Mahdi before Khartoom, and rises on a jaunting-car with Parnell. He watches the downfall of Balmaceda at Santiago, and the uprising of the Messiah at Wounded-Knee. That is better than knowing whether or no Lackawanna is rising two or three points, or whether one should or should not keep the reins in the hand when one dismounts from the Aquidneck coach. Bonsal began this when he was twenty-one. He is now twenty-seven. And in those six years he has worked for this paper, the New York *Herald*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, in New York, London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin; and in Canada, Greece, and Africa.

The public's idea of a correspondent is modelled after the one in *Held by the Enemy*, who wanders around drawing-rooms in knickerbockers with a note-book, and who complains that long living on the war-path has made him forget the usages of good society. I have never known a man who had once known the usages of good society to forget them, and the correspondents of my acquaintance do not carry note-books, but do know how to enter a room and leave it without creating any other impression than that it was a pity they left it so soon. This is what makes Bonsal so interesting. One does not suspect a gentleman who complains bitterly about the careless varnishing of his boots to have passed the two months previous in a pair of kneeless riding-breeches and a money-belt, or to find that so indolent a member of the Calumet lives with a transatlantic cable attached to some part of his nervous system which may at any moment, asleep or awake, call him to the uttermost parts of the world.

This fact that he takes any fate smilingly is the reason he succeeds—that and the fact that he is a Southerner, and is as impetuous and quick-tempered as he is quick-witted, and as chivalrous as Southern boys are, and as gentle. The very first assignment he received on entering the newspaper business was to go and ask a woman why her husband wanted to get a divorce. Bonsal tossed the paper back at the city editor, and explained that that was not the sort of work he meant to do.

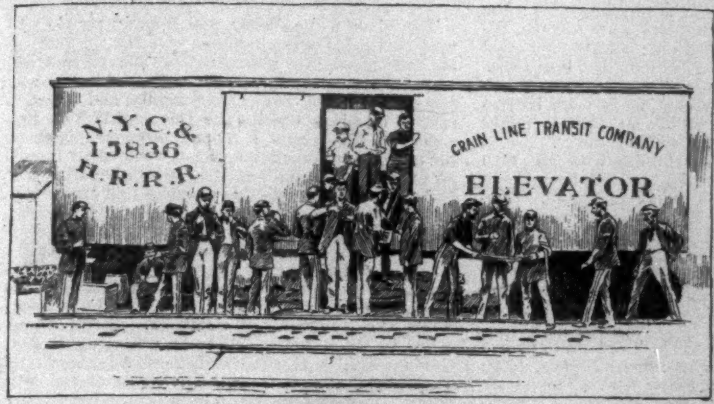
The fact that he never did that sort of work is the reason why all kinds of people trusted him, from the Italians of this city, who begged him to act as their interpreter in a celebrated trial, up to, or down to, General Boulanger, to whose confidence Bonsal was the only correspondent admitted during the most exciting period of that Pretender's day. Another reason for his success is the interest he takes in the people with whom his work associates him. He always becomes a partisan. That is what makes whatever he writes interesting. And his interest in General Boulanger, which was so great that the French government offered him, through one of its representatives, the cross of the Legion of Honor if he would leave the General alone, was not less great than his interest in the blind man who used to beg at Thirty-second Street and Broadway, and whose lost dog was replaced by one costing several hundred dollars, and for which some three hundred readers of the *Herald* paid, owing to the interest one article of Bonsal's awakened in the blind beggar and his loss.

Bonsal left the not uncongenial city of Paris and the picturesque hero of the music halls to throw himself with equal fervor into the much-disturbed politics of Bulgaria. That country was at the time daily expecting a civil war, or the arrival of the Russian troops across the frontier. Rumors of revolution, plots and counter-plots, assassinations and manifestoes, were as common as sunshine. And for three months Bonsal basked in this sunshine without hearing one word from his paper. This was due to the fact that his despatches had either first to stand the test of official scrutiny, which was not satisfactory, or to be smuggled across the border by himself or one of his couriers. Although he did not hear from the outside world, the outside world heard from him, and his letters received the compliment of being quoted as authoritative in the House of Commons. Stambouloff, the Premier, who holds the peace of Europe more or less in his hands at the present moment, received the young American as a friend, and Bonsal interviewed him as he sat at his table, with two Winchesters leaning against it, and with Colt's revolvers mixed with the pens. This constant danger in which Stambouloff stood from Russian sympathizers and from the friends of Panitza, whom he had assassinated, rendered him a dangerous, if interesting, companion. This, however, did not affect Bonsal, who used to row down the Danube with him in the summer evenings, and swim back again to Giurgevo, followed by an attendant boatful of twenty rifles. Bonsal left Stambouloff to join the followers of Panitza, with whom, as they happened to be the under crowd, he sympathized, and through them he was able to tell the whole of Europe of the death of Panitza, as related by his wife. These were three months of very rough work, but full of interest, and Bonsal gravitated between the corn fields where the conspirators met by moonlight to the courts of Prince Ferdinand and of the exiled Queen Nathalie. The greater part of his time was spent on horseback, and in frequent danger from the soldier brigands who guarded the passes of Roumania and Macedonia. A ride across the Balkans, which Bonsal took in order to save three days in a journey to the nearest telegraph station, nearly ended in his death from the intense heat, to the fierceness of which he bears evidence to this day.

I speak of these experiences because they illustrate not only the life Bonsal has led, but what is expected of the correspondent at the present time. He has his reward. To us who have only seen royalty drive by on parade, it is interesting to hear Bonsal testify to such a one's not knowing a good cigar when it is offered him, and his conversation has in consequence a certain interest which that of young men in other professions does not possess. A man who has played billiards with Gambetta, and who has been given a three hours' audience by the Pope, must necessarily be an attractive companion.

About a year ago Mr. Bonsal did a very remarkable thing for a correspondent who lives with his trunk packed to do. He got married. This, however, did not strike his friends, after they had met Mrs. Bonsal, as at all remarkable. Mrs. Bonsal insisted that she should in no way interfere with her husband's career, and their wedding journey was spent in northern Africa, into the deserts of which these two young babes in the wood penetrated, going further than any white woman had ever gone before. The photograph below shows them starting on their honey-moon with their servants and military escort. About three weeks ago, Bonsal, having left Mrs. Bonsal in a place of safety, joined Sir Charles Euan-Smith, who was travelling from Tangier to Fez on a diplomatic mission. Bonsal interested himself in this effort of the British government to make a treaty with the Sultan of Fez with his usual enthusiasm, and with the result that Sir Charles looked upon him as one of his right-hand men, and admitted him to confidences which would have been denied any other correspondent. If you have read the papers at all you already know that the Morocco mission was the most important of foreign complications of the month. No one in England knew anything about it and its most sensational result, until Bonsal—who had ridden ahead for a week in advance of the mission, returning to Tangier, keeping in the saddle eighteen hours a day—cabled the facts to that country. These despatches were spoken of by the English papers as "of historical value." This ride was not attended without much danger, and in the course of it Bonsal was fired upon six times. This fact he delicately brought to the attention of the Sultan. The Sultan in return sent him £1000, which Bonsal promptly returned with the information that his feelings and not his pockets were hurt. The Sultan then sent him a jewelled sword of honor and an autograph letter. On his return to England he was called at once to the Foreign Office, where he was the first to inform Lord Salisbury by word of mouth of all the dramatic incidents and nearly fatal conclusion of his mission in Africa. As a result of this the English newspaper men and the artists of the illustrated papers there have said and sketched a great deal about Bonsal's African achievements. And that is why this is written here—that he may not be without honor in his own country as well.

MR. BONSAL AND HIS ESCORT LEAVING TANGIER.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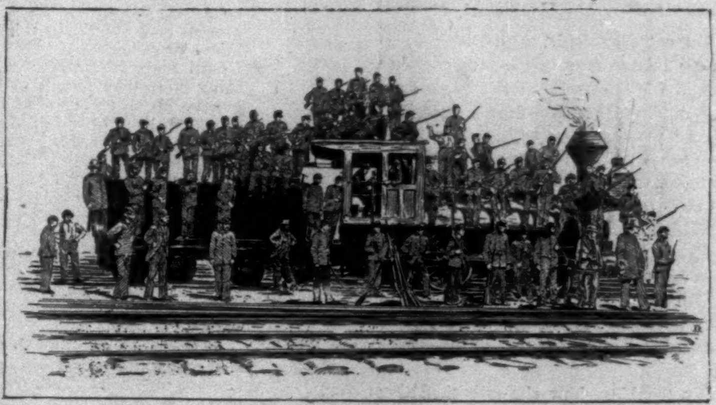
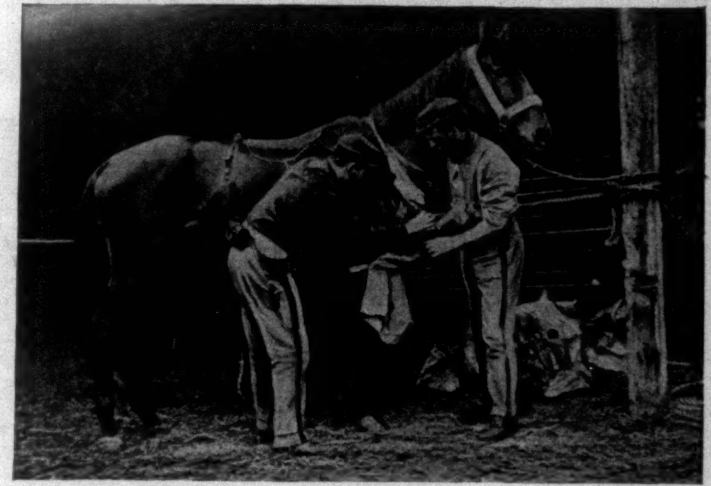
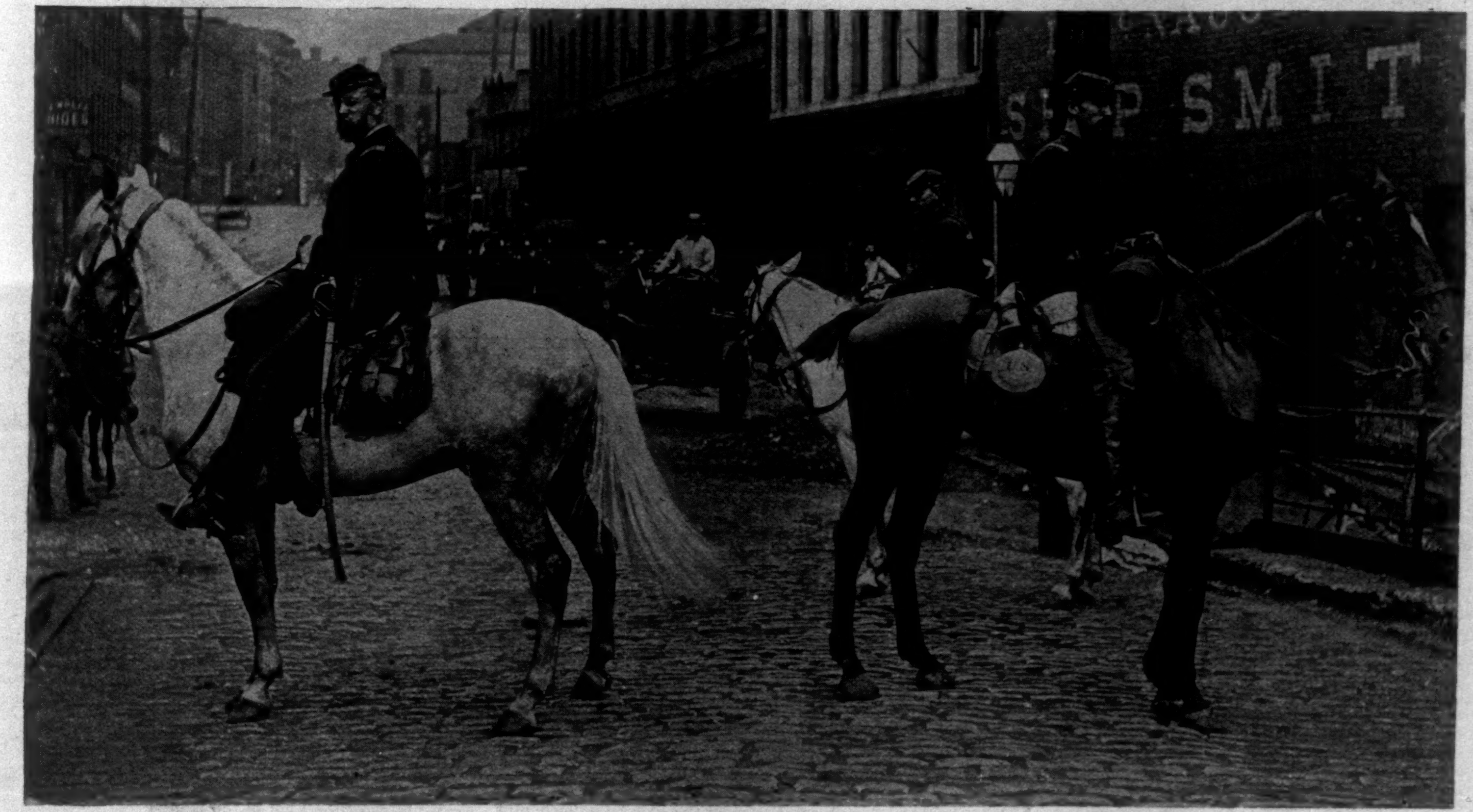


READY FOR AN ATTACK (OSWEGO COMPANY).

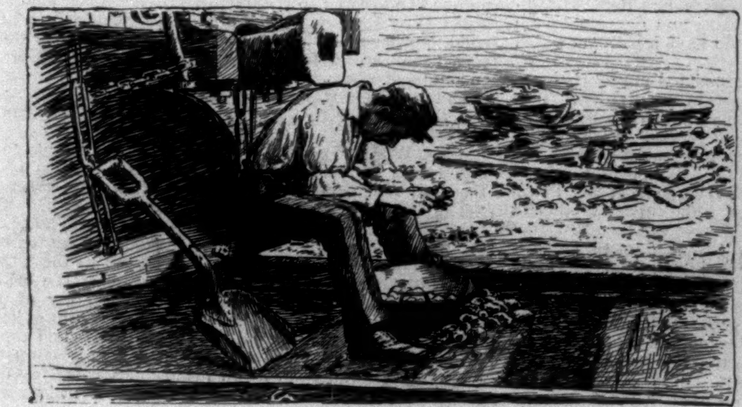


A WOUNDED HORSE.

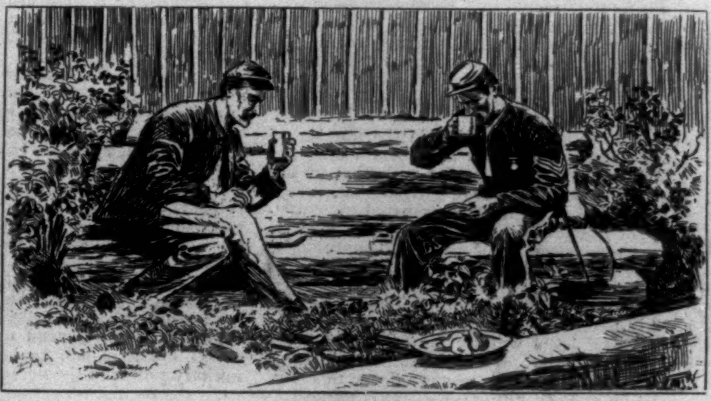
THE MAIN SIGNAL-TOWER.



CAPTAIN ROE AND LIEUTENANT BRIDGEMAN (TROOP A).



GETTING READY FOR DINNER.



DINNER SERVED OUT.

WITH THE MILITIA AT BUFFALO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 861.]

MEMORIES.

I'm not dissatisfied with life,
For I have more of joy than strife,
And for one smile of my sweet mate
Would render up a king's estate.
And yet hot tears suffuse mine eye
When I reflect on days gone by—
Those days of childhood—happy days,
Obscured now somewhat in the haze
Which time lays over all things past,
Yet living still, and like to last,
Within my memory; long as I
Can think and love I'll sadly sigh
For happy hours that ne'er again to me in life may come,
When mother was my confidante, and father was my chum.

My troubles—how she smoothed them o'er!
Her smile alone healed sorrows sore.
Her gentle hand upon my brow—
I think I almost feel it now—
Drove every single care away,
And brought sunshine where blank dismay
Was tyrannizing over me.
And now *his* cheery face I see;
His kindly voice I seem to hear
Still echoing softly in mine ear.
My cherished guide, in spirit, yet—
Ah, memory blest! I'll ne'er forget
Those happy hours that ne'er again to me in life may come,
When mother was my confidante, and father was my chum.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

At the close of the war of the rebellion there came, after four years and more of bloodshed, a revulsion of feeling against things military. When Congress legislated to place the "standing" army of the United States at 30,000, it made one of those colossal mistakes which seem incomprehensible in the light of future events. That this country should have no "standing" army is one of those beautiful hallucinations which arise in the brain of the average American citizen. That this country needs an army, either "standing" or "sitting down," no one can doubt who is a student of events, and who can look far enough ahead as to what may come. Organized labor within the past six weeks has shown itself to be synonymous with organized lawlessness. The events at Homestead, in the Cœur d'Alene mining regions in Idaho, those in the coal mines in the mountain districts of Tennessee, and, nearer home, the switchmen's strike at Buffalo, in this State, have given beyond doubt a profound and far-reaching shock to the idiotic fallacy that this nation of forty-four States and between sixty and seventy millions of people can any longer be ruled by brotherly love. That day has gone by, and the sooner this government in general and the States in particular recognize this fact, the sooner we shall arrive at a basis where there is a power within sight that rioters and fomenters of lawlessness will respect and fear.

The recent labor troubles above referred to have called forth the military power of the two greatest States in the Union (New York and Pennsylvania), that of one of the Southern belt of States (Tennessee), and of the far Western Idaho.

The National Guard of the several States is not a homogeneous body, and therein lies its fatal weakness. But one State possesses an almost perfect organization, and that is Pennsylvania. And this was born of the fire and death which met the organization that succeeded the war, at Pittsburg, July 21, 1877. This was the day of the great railroad riot at that city. The results there showed that splendid soldier and admirable official Major-General John F. Hartranft that the day for "toy soldiers" in the Keystone State had gone by forever. Out of the Pittsburg riot he and his able Adjutant-General, John W. Latta, evolved a compact, well-equipped division of 8000 men, of three brigades, so as to comprise the eastern, western, and central portions of the State. Not only this, but a determined and successful effort was made to convert these national-guardsmen into real soldiers, and to teach them what the genuine article should know and do. Since 1877 there has been, happily, no opportunity to test the efficiency of the N.G.P. until the Homestead troubles. The response, perfection of organization, and castrametation have not been equalled in the military annals of this country. Not at any period during the rebellion were 8000 men mobilized so quickly as these guardsmen of the Keystone State. The first appearance of the guard as a body was at the inauguration of President Garfield: their appearance created a sensation. Sheridan was then General of the Army; and having taken up his place by the side of the President during the "march by," was interrogated several times by the President as to which State these troops hailed from. The answer was always, "Pennsylvania."

"Are there no other troops in line except those from Pennsylvania?" at length asked the President.

"None worth a d——!" rejoined "Little Phil." There could be no higher praise bestowed.

Although New York has almost double the number of enlisted men, the organization of her State guard does not compare for the needs of actual service with that of her neighbor. The riots at Buffalo have proven that, except in numbers, the N. G. S. N. Y. are not prepared by experience, equipment, or organization to be handled as a body. The annual encampment at Peekskill, with its regular streets, electric lights, mess hall, cooks, and waiters, has taught these men nothing of the true school of the soldier. As a result of their dandified education there has been "confusion worse confounded" at Buffalo. The commissary department has been wofully inefficient, and the quartermaster's almost worse. Think of 50 "A" tents to a command of 500 or 600 men! This means a dozen to a tent, when the maximum at Peekskill is three. It is impossible to preserve discipline or foster *esprit de corps* under such circumstances. That the men have done as well as they have speaks volumes for the material. Buffalo will bring about a reorganization of New York's National Guard, just as Pittsburg did Pennsylvania's. These separate companies should cease to exist; the camp at Peekskill should be a real *champ de Mars*, and not a picnic-ground; the present staff should be relegated to private life forever; political preferments should be wiped out; and the National Guard State of New York should be moulded into something more than parade and inspection commands. Emergencies are apt to arise at any moment, when such incapacity and lack of equipment as shown at Buffalo might convulse not only this State, but the whole country.

Of the other Eastern States Massachusetts with 5511 men and New Jersey with 4233 easily take the lead, not only in numbers, but in *morale*, experience, and organization. Connecticut, too, shows up well with 2700 men. The defect in the New England States is similar to New York: their encampments partake too much of set affairs. The men are not made self-reliant for field service, as they have been in Pennsylvania. There each man knows how to cook, and if there are no tents at the moment, they understand the art of bivouacking in the field.

In the Western States there is a sad lack of both organization and numbers. Ohio has but 5700 men; Illinois, 4400; Indiana only 2500. Take the belt of States west of Pennsylvania, north of the Ohio River, and westward to the "Rockies," and their total effective strength "on paper" is barely over 28,000 men.

In the South the showing is even worse, although in numbers South Carolina with 5600 and Georgia with 4500 do pretty well in figures. The bane of the Southern troops, and many of the Western ones as well, is the prize drills at State fairs and so forth. These contests are subversive of all real discipline and soldierly qualities. They cannot be too strongly condemned, and should be peremptorily forbidden.

Many of the Southern and Western States maintain a State guard on very little money. They would do well to cut down the number, and divide up the money amongst fewer and more efficient troops. Georgia is supposed to maintain 4577 men at $5 per head; South Carolina, 5616 at $2 per head; while Pennsylvania and New Jersey appropriate $35; New York, $28; Massachusetts, $44; Connecticut, $43; Ohio, $14; Illinois, $30; and California expends $37; and Texas $3 on 3368 "Texan Tigers."

A lack of efficient organization is apparent in all the States. There are too many stars, eagles, oak-leaves, and bars. One thoroughly equipped regiment of 600 is worth 5000 men composed of half-drilled social organizations. In Tennessee the troops led by General Carnes and Major Anderson were little better than a mob, and very probably neither so well armed nor so proficient in handling fire-arms as the other mob they set out to crush. Nominally Tennessee has about 1400 men enrolled in the State guard. One good regiment of half this number would have squelched the Coal Creek miners without a shot being fired.

In all the States the cavalry and artillery branches of the service are very weak. The enormous expense of maintaining such troops seems to be an insurmountable difficulty to anything like a proper development of these two arms. What could and should be done is that the old smooth-bore guns should be replaced by modern rifles of high power, and machine and rapid-fire field-pieces be furnished to each infantry regiment, so that under no circumstances would an infantry column be deprived entirely of artillery support. As to cavalry, that must remain an unsolved problem.

Another serious question is that of service uniforms. When a man is called into active service, furbelows and tinsel should be left at home. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York have a regulation uniform, which in Pennsylvania, at least, is rigidly adhered to. New York adopted one, but it was not ornate enough to suit some of the regiments, so they selected one of their own. This was a piece of rank insubordination, without rhyme or reason. In the majority of the Southern and Western States the guard "go to war" in their dress-clothes. In the Southern States there are, of course, a great many colored "companies." One may be sure that their love of finery largely exceeds their military instinct. I remember one in Virginia in bright green "fish-tail" coats and red cock-feather plumes in their hats. Simply wonderful!

In the matter of equipment there is a lack of homogeneity, which, if the guards of all the States were to be mobilized at the call of Congress, would utterly prevent anything like effective work. For instance, Pennsylvania is armed with the .45 Springfield rifle, exactly like the regular army; in New York it is still the Remington; and here are two States having an effective fighting force of over 23,000 men, very nearly as many as all Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Wisconsin combined, and yet they could not safely be formed into a division because of this dissimilarity of equipment.

The remedy for this lack of uniformity in organization and equipment means undoubtedly a more extended control of the State guard by the general government through the regular army. Every year a number of regular army officers are retired on the limit-of-age law, who could be detailed as inspector-generals of State troops, not merely for encampments, but holding permanent positions. It should be their duty to watch and report to the Governor of the State and the Secretary of War on the general efficiency of the troops. Congress should pass such amendments to the militia laws that in equipment and arms each State should conform to the regular army standards, and then, with inspector-generals to assist in organizing and developing the material at hand, the country would have a national guard worthy of the name.

Another drawback is the Congressional appropriation—not only in the amount but the basis of distribution. This latter is according to the representation of each State and Territory in Congress. See how it works. Missouri has 16 Congressmen and 2400 guardsmen; because of these sixteen politicians she secured out of the $400,000 appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, $14,742 89. Pennsylvania, with 30 politicians and 8500 superbly efficient guardsmen, secured $27,642 98. These figures show that the Keystone State, with three and a half times the number of real soldiers, against so many on paper, received barely twice as much assistance from Congress. Such a law is a disgrace to the statute-book. What is needed is a law which is so strong in its provisions that governmental financial aid should not only depend upon the efficiency of the State guard, but it should be instrumental in building up the military power of the poorer States.

As the regular army can only be used in great emergencies, the crying need of better military protection devolves upon the States. In many there is a lack of interest; but an interest should be fostered by Congress in such a manner that each State may possess a National Guard to which its people may turn with confidence, pride, and respect.

PERSONAL.

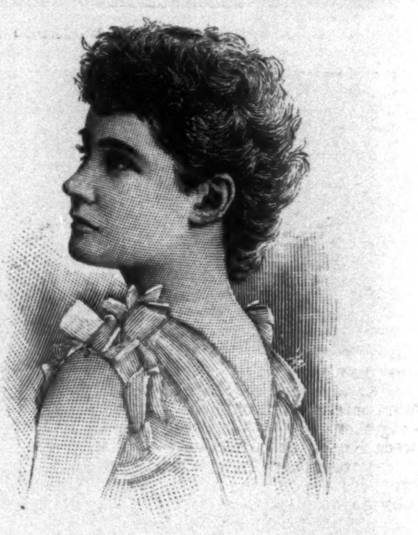
The given name Adlai, which many people who do not read the Bible became familiar with for the first time when Mr. Stevenson was nominated at Chicago, and which is in very infrequent use in this country, has been a favorite appellation in the Stevenson family, and is now borne by several members besides the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. They spell it Adley, however, which represents the modern pronunciation of the word better than the regular orthography, and is entitled to consideration if Professor Francis J. Child's dictum is true—that "any way of spelling is better than the ordinary way."

—Mr. Julian Ralph, whose articles on the development of the great West are now running in Harper's Magazine, enjoys the distinction of having attracted the United States Senate to his work. According to an official report, while the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia was at its labors this summer, "the attention of the committee was called to Mr. Ralph's article on 'Western Modes of City Government,' in Harper's Magazine for April, 1892," and especially to the writer's high praise of the Minneapolis liquor law, which imposes a high license fee, and forbids the keeping of saloons in residence districts. The committee investigated the subject, concluded that such a law was well adapted to the city of Washington, and reported a bill embodying the cardinal features of the Minneapolis law.

—Mr. Ballard Smith, who has recently retired from the position of acting editor-in-chief and perhaps from journalism, has had a long and varied career in newspaper-work. He was born in Kentucky, educated at Dartmouth College, and began his career in the office of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He has been managing editor of that paper, and, in New York, of the *Sun* and the *Herald* as well as of the *World*. He is a little over forty, a young man for such a career. Mr. Pulitzer and his associates signalized Mr. Smith's departure from active newspaper-work by a dinner at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening, August 23d.

—Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, and Laurence Hutton were among those whom Yale University honored with the degree of M.A. at its Commencement. Mr. Jefferson is the first American actor so honored, although Trinity College, Dublin, had done as much for Henry Irving. Mr. Hutton is well known as one of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine, the author of many books, and the authority in this country on matters of the stage.

—Mrs. Eva Wilder McGlasson, the author of *Diana's Livery* and *An Earthly Paragon* (which was written in three weeks), is probably the youngest writer before the public who has attained as much reputation and accomplished as remarkable work. Mrs. McGlasson is a Kentuckian, and began to write a few years ago, when she was eighteen. Her stories are strong and vivid, and her dialogue is especially dramatic without being untrue. She has devoted herself almost entirely to describing the "life of her native State," but her friends have advised her broadening her field of observation by coming to New York to live, which she will probably do.



—Like so many other millionaires, and particularly like his wealthy associates in the Standard Oil Company, the late Mr. Bostwick began life without a dollar. The hardest effort of his long business career was his attempt to save $2500; but that sum once accumulated, after years of toil and self-denial, he saw it multiply many times over. Mr. Bostwick had Mr. Vanderbilt's and Mr. Bonner's fondness for fast horses. He bought them without regard to price, and the stable in which he housed them—one of the show-places of the kind in the United States—cost $75,000.

—The descent of Pike's Peak on a bicycle by Mrs. C. C. Candy is hardly less remarkable a feat than the recent completion of a railroad to the summit of that historic mountain. Mrs. Candy accomplished her novel journey in four hours and a quarter and without a serious mishap, though she received some bruises from a violent fall against a bowlder, and encountered a severe hail-storm when half-way down the mountain. She wore a suit of man's clothing during the trip, through fear that her ordinary dress would encumber her progress.

—Mr. W. D. Howells pays the following tribute to the late James R. Osgood in a letter to the trustees of the Fryeburg Academy, which has just celebrated its centennial: "The village was already interesting to me as the birthplace of my former publisher and long-time friend, James R. Osgood, who died so far from his early home the other day, and now lies in English earth. I cannot let the occasion pass without saying my say in recognition of the brilliant talents and uncommon qualities of this scholar of your academy whom I knew best. He was as generous as he was adventurous; he had a mind quick to conceive and prompt to execute; he carried into business the whole sympathies of a poet and the ardor of an idealist. A word from you sufficed for his swift intelligence; a word from him was a pledge which he felt bound to fulfil. If you have a moment in your joy for affectionate respect, I think you could not more fitly employ it than in recalling the name of this distinguished townsman of yours, and dedicating a sigh to his memory. Yours sincerely, W. D. Howells."

AMATEVR · SPORT

The lawn-tennis championships of the National Association will always be remembered for the astounding reversals of form, and the several defeats of veterans by young and almost untried players. Before the tournament the chances of Wrenn and Larned were spoken of rather flippantly, and even E. L. Hall was regarded as only a possible victor over such veterans as Hovey, Hobart, and Knapp. Now all is different. The youngsters have triumphed, and it is almost certain that in the ranking of players at the end of the season we shall find at least two, and probably three, strange names among the five leaders. The extraordinary number of seventy entries necessitated about thirty-eight matches the first day to reduce the contestants to thirty-two.

Seventy contestants are entirely too many. Not even half that number compete in the English championships, and yet their good men are probably twice as numerous as our own. The National Association would probably hesitate long before it placed an arbitrary limit on the number of contestants, and yet if the entries continue to increase, it is difficult to see how such a step can be avoided and the interest sustained in the early rounds of the tournament. A large proportion of the contestants now enter with no other purpose than that of securing a free admission to the Casino grounds during the week of the tournament. Of the seventy entries that drag the tournament out its seven days, at least forty-five of them are entirely outclassed.

The championship doubles on Wednesday was between the Hall brothers and Campbell and Huntington, the former pair having previously won by default from Carver and Ryerson, the champions of the West. Regarding the Westerners, there has been no reason advanced for their absence, and unless the cause was serious, their course is open to adverse criticism, after having played in the Western tournament, and defeated others who would have been glad to go to Newport. The Executive Committee very properly refused to allow the substitution of Hubbard and Tobin, chiefly on the ground that such a substitution would establish a most dangerous precedent. Any departure from the strict letter of the law in a championship tournament would certainly be a mistake.

So far the match between Campbell and Huntington and the Halls, the playing failed to excite more than a languid interest, chiefly, perhaps, because the former pair seemed to have the match well in hand almost from the start. The champion pair well sustained their reputation for good teamwork, and the Halls seemed unable to place the ball where one or the other could not reach it. Campbell performed better than ever before in a double match, smashing towards the side-lines with deadly accuracy. It was his play in this match, as much as in his many practice games throughout the week, which convinces me that the odds will be quite in his favor when he is compelled to face the winner of the All Comers this week. This double match was the first of importance to be played on the court in front of the new grand stand, and as not even one-quarter of the seats were occupied, it may be taken for granted that the spectators were not pleased with the innovation. The victory of Campbell and Huntington (score, 6–4, 6–2, 4–6, 6–3) was well received, although a majority of the Newport residents would probably have preferred to have the Halls victorious. The former pair must now win the championship only one more year in order to retain as their own the very handsome cups offered by the Casino.

The first day of the All Comers was largely devoted, as usual, to weeding out the poor material, but there were at least four contests in which clever and well-matched players came together. By far the most important of those was that between Knapp and Malcolm Chace, the young Interscholastic champion from Providence. The tennis throughout the long five sets of this match cannot be described as wonderfully good, for each man seemed content to remain near the base-line, and simply return every ball over the net, trusting in the poor play of his adversary to score the point. Such a policy of course produced long rallies, and it was not uncommon for the ball to cross the net twenty times. Chace was almost uniformly successful on the few occasions he ran to the net, and it seems certain that he would have won the match had his judgment dictated a more daring policy. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, Mr. Chace! if you can play the redoubtable Knapp a five-set match (score, 6–4, 4–6, 6–1, 2–6, 6–4) while continually hanging around the base-line, be assured that you can defeat him on another occasion if you will only take your chances at the net.

Perhaps the next most important match of the same day was that in which R. P. Huntington, Jun., went down before Smith of Philadelphia. The former's effort was but the ghost of his once brilliant game, and the Philadelphian won in three straight—7–5, 6–3, 6–1. A. W. Post and H. G. Bixby, two as steady men as ever stepped on a court, had a severely contested match of five sets, in which the former won, 6–4, 6–8, 8–6, 3–6, 6–2, and Duncan Candler, of Brooklyn, gave S. T. Chase, the Western champion, one of the hardest five-set matches of his career before finally yielding—7–5, 11–13, 4–6, 6–2, 6–2.

P. S. Sears lost to V. G. Hall, 6–3, 3–6, 8–6, 6–1, as expected, but unexpectedly the veteran J. S. Clark found more than his match in a school-boy, young Budlong, of Providence—3–6, 6–2, 2–6, 8–6, 6–3. This was another five-set match, however. Indeed, there has never been an All Comers tournament in which so many five-set matches were played.

It was the second day, however, which was most remarkable for the slaughter of the veterans, Knapp and Slocum by R. D. Wrenn, of Harvard, and W. A. Larned, of Cornell. The Slocum-Larned match showed the ex-champion's game to be inferior to that which he was capable of a few years ago, while Larned probably never played better. The latter hits harder from beginning to end than any player at Newport this year, and with increased steadiness perhaps has a chance (at this writing) equal to that of any others of reaching the final round. Slocum did not yield without a struggle. His play improved as the match progressed, and he excited the hopes of his friends by capturing the third set. The fourth, too, was close, but Larned's swift fore-hand drives finished the struggle, and at the same time Slocum's last chance for the championship cup, which he had held for two years—score, 6–1, 6–3, 3–6, 6–4. The Knapp-Wrenn match, like the Knapp-Hovey contest at Saratoga, was one of the most remarkable ever played in this country. It took five hours and fifteen minutes to play the five sets, or a total of sixty-seven games. The score of the very first set was 14–12, and both men were thoroughly exhausted at its termination. Wrenn's final success was gained by his adopting a policy exactly contrary to that of Malcolm Chace in his match against Knapp the day before. No player ever ran to the net with more persistency and agility than did Wrenn, and none that I have seen ever smashed with more unfailing accuracy. During the fourth and fifth sets the struggle became distressing, for Knapp appeared to have reached the extreme limit of his strength, and on several occasions seemed to fall to the ground from sheer exhaustion. The moral encouragement offered to his similarly exhausted adversary by such a performance must have been great, but I suppose that Knapp was too far gone to appreciate the importance of concealing his condition if possible. The match was indeed an extraordinary one. Was it not amazing that Knapp, famous for pulling matches out of the fire by superior endurance and nerve, should be played to a standstill in the fifth set by the young lad from Harvard? Score, 12–14, 6–2, 4–6, 9–7, 6–1.

The play of the third day furnished still more surprises, and still another victory for the younger element. At least seven out of every ten at the Casino on Thursday thought Hobart would defeat E. L. Hall; and indeed it was only the superb pluck and nerve of the younger player, combined with quite a lack of both qualities on the part of Hobart, which turned an apparently sure defeat for the former into victory. On the fifth and deciding set Hobart had secured a lead of four games to love, when Hall began to "brace." Slowly but surely the latter gained, and surely but not so slowly Hobart began to weaken. When Hall had secured three games, Hobart seemed to go to pieces altogether, and during the last game of the set made the wildest strokes of the match, in which he had distinguished himself by throwing away points, and missing one ball entirely. Score, 8–6, 4–6, 4–6, 6–2, 6–1. It is disappointment more than anything else which leads me to criticise Hobart's finish in this match, for I have always felt that this player, at his top notch, was capable of defeating any man in this country, not even barring Campbell. Unite Hobart's skill with Campbell's or E. L. Hall's nerve, and you have an irresistible combination. No one will claim, however, that nerve alone won this match for Hall, as he showed at times beautiful tennis. A still greater surprise than Hall's victory was that of S. T. Chase over Smith, the Philadelphian—score, 7–5, 5–7, 6–3, 2–6, 6–1. The latter seems to have been a bit overrated; but at the same time it was no disgrace to be beaten by Chase, who seems to do better at Newport than anywhere else. Hovey won from A. W. Post, the latter securing one set. This was the former's first match in which he was obliged to exert himself, and he did not show championship form. At the close of Thursday's play only eight men remained in the fight—Wrenn, Fielding, Hovey, Richard Stevens, E. L. and V. G. Hall, Larned, and S. T. Chase.

The E. L. Hall-Chase match on Friday looked at one time as though it might add one more to the list of reversals of form that has been growing steadily since the beginning of this tournament. It likewise showed very clearly that feature of young Hall's game which has made me doubt his ability to win the All Comers, despite his periods of very clever tennis. His game is not a severe one, not so much so as either Hovey's, Hobart's, or Larned's; but he makes the most of it, is a good "getter," and is plucky to the last degree. It is the latter quality chiefly which enabled him to defeat Hobart, and saved the day in the Chase match. The Western champion never played such tennis at Newport as he did against Hall in the first and third sets of their match, while the New-Yorker was putting balls into the net and out of the court with disastrous frequency. Hall undoubtedly started in with the idea that he would win easily in three sets, and, in fact, most of the spectators were of that opinion. Before he knew where he was, Chase had captured the set. The second told a different story, Hall pulling himself together in good shape, and finally winning. But Chase all this time was playing good tennis, and especially showing excellent judgment in keeping Hall away from the net. His lobs were timely, and his game all round the best he has shown; nevertheless, it was not so strong that it should have kept Hobart's conqueror so busy. Hall made his effort in the fourth set, and the fifth and deciding one came to him easier than any of the others, though Chase kept him at work. Score, 1–6, 6–3, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3.

Hovey on another court had no difficulty in defeating Stevens, 6–0, 6–4, 6–0, and played in the best form he had shown during the tournament thus far. It was expected he would defeat Stevens, but not so handily, and the result augurs well for his chance of meeting the champion, Campbell. Base-line Stevens is no easy prey, and while I have seen him do better than he did Friday morning, even at his best he could not have checked Hovey, who was in one of his brilliant periods. The more I see the Intercollegiate champion play, the more convinced I become that his chances of winning the All Comers are better than any other player now left in the tournament. It is as much as one's reputation is worth, however, to venture an opinion in these days of astonishing results, and especially on Hovey, who on Thursday failed to even approach the brilliant form he exhibited on Friday. Stevens is a steady player, of undoubted pluck and skill, but he is outclassed by Hovey.

Larned is a young man who must, if he continues the game, reach the championship-round when he has acquired more steadiness. His match Friday with V. G. Hall, which he won, 6–4, 6–3, 7–5, showed to advantage his remarkably clever strokes and likewise his crowning weakness. Whether it is from over-confidence or a lack of it is hard, just yet, to say, but Larned gives one the impression continually throughout a match, when he fails to return a comparatively easy ball, that he thought it "too easy." True or not, he makes altogether too many misses; a most brilliant play is apt to be followed by driving an easy one into the net. He will work out of this, and in the mean time he will make it very lively for the popularly accepted "cracks."

Wrenn on the same day defeated Fielding, who had managed to remain in the tournament by luck in drawing. After his showing against Knapp, Wrenn should have taken three straight sets from Fielding, and probably would, but for his being yet stiffened from the effects of that five-hour match. Although a good and improving player, Wrenn will probably not again, this season at least, show the form he did against Knapp. He seemed especially endowed for that match.

The very heavy rain of Friday night made the courts at Newport too soft for play on Saturday, and consequently prolongs the tournament another day. Those left at this writing (Saturday) are Wrenn, Hovey, Hall, and Larned. As we are on the press—Monday—these four are deciding which two will meet in the finals Tuesday. Hovey should have Wrenn at his mercy, though the latter plays a very lively game; still, it hardly seems possible he can win except by a "fluke." With the other pair it is different. Larned plays a much more severe game than E. L. Hall, his cross-cut work is quite as good, and his side-line placing better. On the other hand, he is not so steady, and has not yet exhibited the pluck of the younger Hall; moreover, he is afraid of him, and that means a great deal. The odds are on Hall's winning, though Larned's victory would be no surprise. The chances are three in four of Hall and Hovey meeting in the finals, and if so, the latter at his best should win by all odds. Despite the astounding surprises of this tournament, I have no reason to change my opinion of last week that Hovey should win the All Comers. If Hovey is in form when he meets Campbell, it will be indeed a battle royal, and I see no reason for giving odds either way on the result. In his brilliant form, which he strikes now and again, no man in America, Campbell included, can win from Hovey, and his every-day play is good enough to make the match a very even one.

The Morristown polo team defeated the Myopias in the final match for fours at Newport, and the second week of polo began with play by teams of threes for the Newport (individual) cups. The best match of the series was that between J. S. Stevens, J. E. Cowdin, and E. K. Stow on one side (called Rockaway), and R. G. Shaw, G. P. Eustis, and T. Hitchcock, Jun. (Prides Crossing), on the other. The work of Cowdin, Hitchcock, and Stevens was brilliant. Shaw showed some excellent play at times, and seems to have good polo stuff in him; he ought to make a much better man, though at present his form hardly comes up to his 6-goal handicap. Stow was as slow as a freight-wagon in this game, and gave his team very small assistance. Stevens has come out wonderfully this season—he and Cowdin would make a great pair. Hitchcock retains his form to a marked degree, and his work seemed quite as good as his best Long Island play a couple of years ago. Cowdin is always steady, and to-day the most valuable man on any team. Rockaway won 4 goals, and received 3 safeties by Eustis; Prides Crossing secured 3 goals.

Myopia defaulted to Country Club, Westchester, which, including E. C. Potter, T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., and H. P. Whitney, met Rockaway, Friday, in the final. Rockaway won 8 goals and received 2 safeties, to opponents 3, and the match was not nearly so interesting as that against Prides Crossing. Cowdin and Stevens played equally as brilliantly as in the first match, probably a little more so, Cowdin's "dribbling" being noteworthy, and Stevens's back-hander goal a beauty. Stow was fast enough to keep out of his own way, and really did some good work. Potter put up a strong, well-judged game; both Havemeyer and Whitney were active enough, but lost sight of team-play in their individual efforts.

Archibald Rogers's 46-footer *Wasp* definitely settled the question of superiority in her class off Newport in the Corinthian Yacht Club's (of New York) special 25-mile race. She won absolutely on her merits in a fairly stiff south-southwest breeze. The *Gloriana* was hardly in the race, and certainly not so well handled as she was last season under E. D. Morgan's captaincy. The *Harpoon*, on the other hand, never sailed so fast, and the Adams brothers, by their very clever handling, got every particle of speed out of her. She not only outsailed the *Gloriana*, but outwitted her in the bargain.

Wasp was sailed without losing a yard on the entire twenty-five miles; she went over the line first, and from the very beginning sailed away from the others. *Gloriana* crossed second, but off Point Judith had lost her two-minute start to *Harpoon*, which kept on gaining until she rounded the first stake just one minute before last year's queen of the 46-footers, the *Wasp* having cleared seven minutes before either of them. At the next turn *Wasp* had increased her lead about three minutes more, while *Harpoon* had gained about the same on the *Gloriana*. After this turn the race was a procession, the *Wasp* finally winning over the *Harpoon*, 8 minutes 55 seconds; over *Gloriana*, 13 minutes 44 seconds.

Rather an astonishing feature of the day was *Dilemma* beating *El Chico* literally out of sight. I must renew my congratulations of some weeks ago to Mr. E. D. Morgan on his perspicacity in disposing of *Gloriana* while she was yet queen.

The New Jersey Athletic Club grounds on Labor Day will be the scene of the greatest track contest of the year. T. P. Conneff and Willie Day, two distance runners who have no equals in this country, and probably no superiors in all England's great list of distance men, are to have a match race at three miles, and it will be well worth a day's journey to see. These men have met only once, and that in the two-mile Canadian championship in '90, when Day kept close to Conneff until he became ill, half a mile from home, and Conneff, slowing up, won in 9 minutes 35⅖ seconds.

Day at his best is a wonder, as this table of his best times proves:

1¼ mile	....	5	minutes	49	seconds
2	"	9	"	32⅗	"
3	"	14	"	39	"
4	"	20	"	15⅘	"

Conneff's best times are:

1 mile	....	4	minutes	21¼	seconds
2	"	9	"	35⅖	"
3	"	14	"	40	"
4	"	19	"	44	"
5	"	25	"	24⅖	"

It is well for those who are especially interested in this race to note that the longer the distance, the better Conneff goes as compared with Day. At two miles Day is 2⅘ seconds ahead, at three miles but 1 second, while at four miles Conneff is 31⅘ seconds to the good. This strength at the longer distance is certain to stand well in hand in a three-mile race, while his speed at the finish is well known. No one knows just what Conneff's actual condition is; he has been far from his form since his return from Ireland, but in the last couple of weeks has been looking up quite a bit. I must stand by the opinion I have always held, *i. e.*, that there is no one in this country who, when Conneff is in form, can beat him from one mile to five inclusive. Day is the one rival, and that he is dangerous no one will deny; he has speed, but he is not the racer Conneff is; whether or not he has heart, this race will prove.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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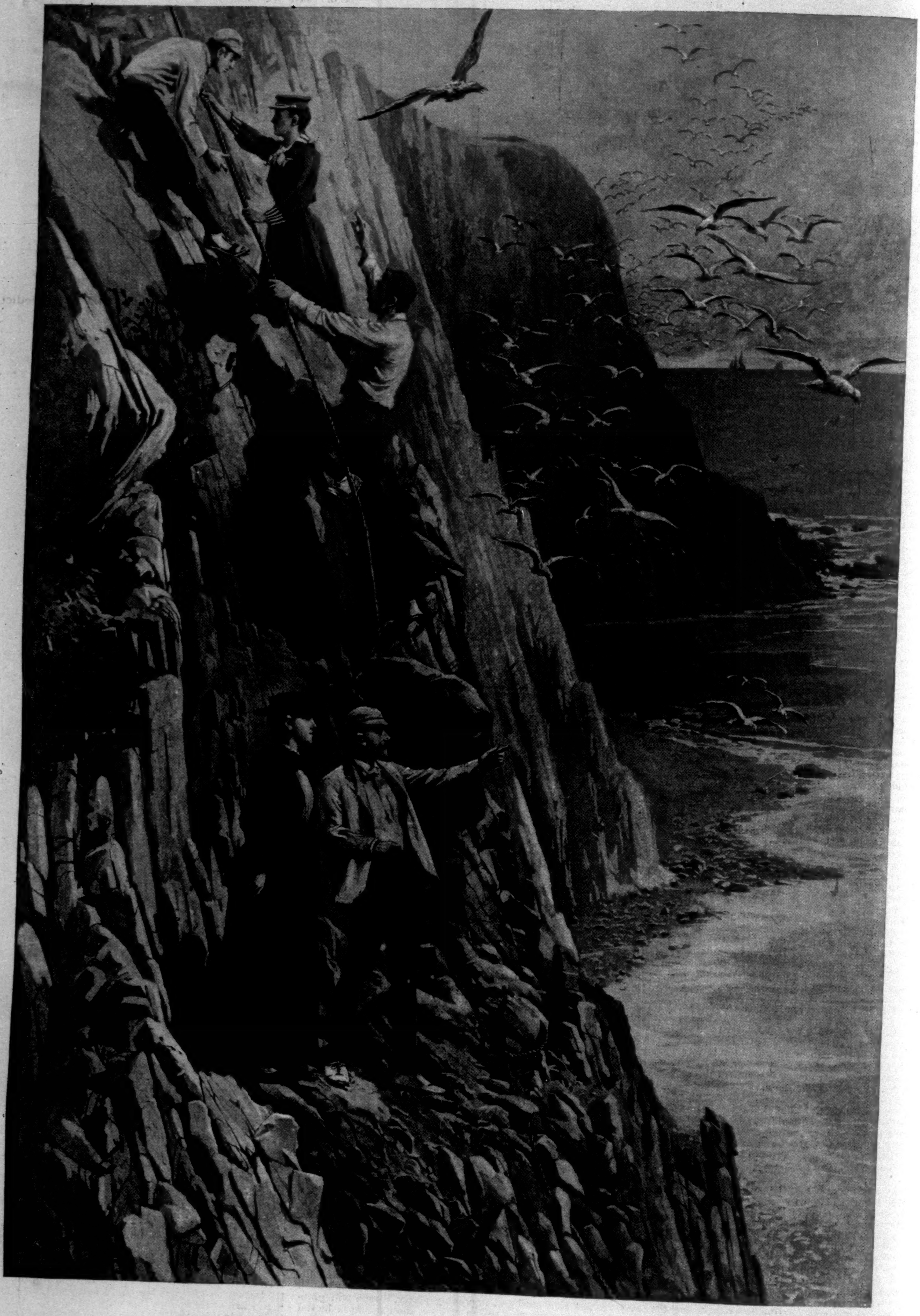

THE CLIFFS AT GRAND MANAN, NEW BRUNSWICK.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

A SONG.

All in the spring-time softly sighing
April shadow and bloom o' May,
Winged clouds on the south wind flying,
Love, the laggard, kept far away.

All in the summer, redly glowing,
Queen who weaves in her fair array,
Blush o' the rose and the lily's blowing,
Love, the laggard, kept far away.

Winter now—there is hail and snowing;
Straitly fettered in ice of fate,
I may not list to the south winds blowing.
Love, the laggard, has come too late.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

TROOP A IN THE FIELD.

TROOP A, the crack company of New York, and the only body of State cavalry, was absent from New York city about one week, and during that time the men covered themselves with glory and various other incidentals. They were not in the field literally, for their quarters were in a barn, but they were on hand to work in case of any emergency. The troop was quartered at Camp 14 in the Buffalo stock-yards, which was described by a trooper as "dreary, muddy, and nasty." The men and horses arrived there on Friday the 19th of August, and left Thursday night the week following. During that time the men had a taste of actual service, and the general verdict was that they acquitted themselves nobly. The members of the troop are nearly all young men of position in New York, professional and social, and the work that they performed demonstrated their ability and usefulness. The full troop is composed of 103 men. Six of these were absent from the country when the call came, but the other ninety-seven reported promptly. Corporal Coudert, who was abroad, wired that he would join the troop as soon as possible, and sailed at once from Havre, arriving in New York a day after the men had returned—but that was his misfortune, not his fault. As soon as the troop reached Buffalo the men were placed on guard duty along the railroad tracks. Their horses were picketed near by, and the troopers paced up and down—with two hours duty and four hours rest. This sort of work was kept up four days; the rest of the time the troop engaged in mounted service.

The men had both a "jolly and hard" time of it, according to one of the troopers. They enjoyed the rough life and excitement, but the sense of the gravity of the situation oppressed them. Good-humor and good-nature reigned among them and the other regiments at Buffalo, and the *esprit de corps* was fully maintained. There was very little time for play—their time was so occupied that when the opportunity offered the men slept. The routine was very exacting. Early in the morning came the first call, and then at 4.30 or 5 the reveille sounded, when the troopers rose from their beds of straw. The line was formed and roll-call followed, after which the horses were fed. Then the breakfast-call came, and each man with his cup and can procured his breakfast. After this was over the stable-call bade them get ready, and by 6 o'clock they were in the saddle bound for headquarters for orders. Each man as he rode out received a ration of hardtack and corned-beef or ham, and it was usually 9 o'clock in the evening, or after, before they got back to their quarters, when they were glad to turn in. Only once or twice were they allowed to remain in camp, and then the buoyant spirits of the men urged them to wrestling and other horse-play—as becoming cavalrymen. When it was possible the men were allowed to go off on leave, and then they generally made for the Buffalo Club, which had opened its doors to the troopers, and ate a hearty meal. Some went out to the Country Club, which also had extended a general invitation.

The attitude of the strikers towards the troop was interesting. While the men sat on horseback, sabres drawn and pistols loaded, the strikers contented themselves with calling them "dudes" and "scabs"; but no violence was offered. The horses and their riders seemed to inspire the aggressive spirits with respect, if not fear, and a trooper with his sabre at arm's-length had the desired effect when necessary. Stones were not thrown, and the crowds moved back invariably as the cavalrymen moved forward. A trooper while on guard was taken for "Eddie" Gould, Jay Gould's son, who is a member of the company, and quite a crowd of strikers gathered about him, commenting audibly upon his appearance, etc.; but they made no attempt at assault. Respect and fear for the young men on horseback made their value apparent to the State officers. Four men of the troop were detailed as cooks, and they took to it as though to the kettle born. Trooper Hurry, chief *chef*, rigged himself out in apron and cap, according to usage, and did nobly. The only difficulty was that the cooks had to rise at 3.30 A.M., an hour that failed to appeal to the men, though they had to respond. The men slept in rude cots filled with straw in full uniform, and booted and spurred as a rule, ready for a night alarm. When they arose in the morning they were covered with straws like the "quills of the fretful porcupine," and their morning ablutions had to be performed in a horse-trough. The man who shaved was not considered fit to associate with his fellows, being regarded as too much above them, so the consequence was that most of the men reached New York in an unshaved condition.

Once, while the men had a "day off," and were fooling in the hay, an ardent Democrat discovered a Republican banner hanging from the side of the quarters. It was out of reach from the ground, but gaining a plank, the Cleveland man sought to climb and pull the banner down. He was forthwith upset, and then some of his fellows sat upon him, while others sought to accomplish his desire. A rough-and-tumble, good-natured fight ensued, and the final result was that the portraits of Messrs. Harrison and Reid were levelled in the dust, while the Democrats exulted. As a rule, however, the discipline of war was maintained, and to enter the lines the countersign was necessary. When the orders came for the men to return they were generally glad, for "though they were full of fight," as one of them explained, "they were dreadfully tired of dirt, and particularly hated cleaning their pans and cups after eating; it was altogether too much like hard labor." The troop reached New York on Friday morning, August 26th, about nine o'clock, and went to their armory in Fifty-sixth Street, where they disbanded. During the week's absence no serious case of sickness among men or horses had occurred, and the entire body returned without the loss of a single thing. In fact, the troop returned a little better off than when they left, for they brought home with them a woolly "mascot." It was either a ram or a billy-goat, authorities differ on the subject, but at any rate it was a horned animal. It had been captured by two of the troopers in Buffalo while on a foraging expedition. Fresh meat, they thought, would be a delightful change, but when they got the animal to camp no one had the heart to kill it, so the troop adopted it as a pet. The "mascot," gayly decorated with ribbons tied on his horns and wool, marched from the depot to the armory by the side of Captain Roe, and when the troopers cheered, the "mascot" made a noise too, according to his ability. Troop A, therefore, is open to hearty congratulation.

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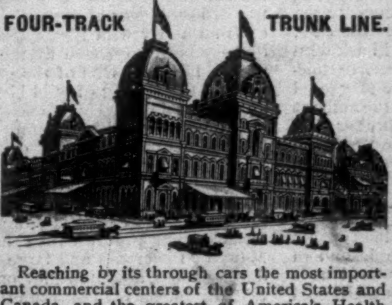

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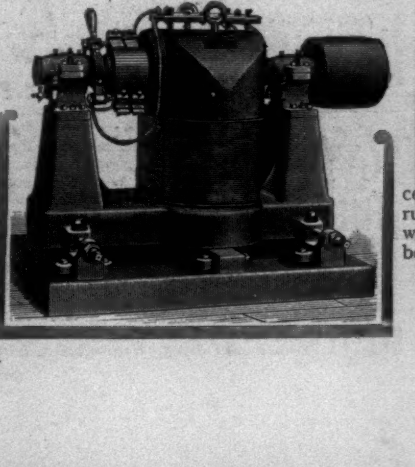

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PAWNBROKERS AND THE POOR.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE persons interested in the management of the Charity Organization Society are active and zealous in their efforts to better the condition of the poor, and to escape at the same time the fatal mistake that indiscriminate givers of alms make in encouraging and increasing pauperism. A casual and hasty examination of the methods of the Society is apt to lead one to fear that sometimes, at least, the managers may make it so difficult for a needy person to get aid or assistance, that the beautiful bloom is entirely taken off the kindly deed of charity, and that the lack of timeliness may defeat the very end that is sought in the first place. It may be, too, that after a careful examination of the methods of the Society is made the same conclusion will be reached. But at the same time there can be no doubt whatever that such an examination would show that in the great majority of cases the Society did the right thing, and did it at the right time. No merely human agency—even one that sought with all its might to do only good in a disinterested way—can be perfect, and because the Charity Organization Society may not always do the very best that could be done, is no reason in the world to deprive it of the support of the charitable. The most recent move of this Society, which is a kind of clearing-house for the charitable organizations and individuals of New York, is to establish a company from which worthy poor people when in need of money can secure loans on personal property. The only places where such people can go now is to the pawn shops, over which the significant sign of the three golden balls hangs.

Borrowing money is a strictly business transaction to which no reproach should attach, unless the borrower be a spendthrift, and merely raising funds for some reprehensible end. A merchant or other business man goes to his banker and borrows money on his note, pledging his good name or some security, as a mere matter of course, and does not in the least feel that he has done anything to be ashamed of. Indeed, if business men did not have such transactions bankers could not make profits. But when a person, without credit at a regular bank, and without those forms of securities that bankers call negotiable, needs to obtain a loan, there is nothing left for him but the pawn shop. A transaction at such a place, for obvious reasons, pretty nearly always lowers the self-respect of the borrower. The honest poor know that such places are resorted to by the dissolute and the dishonest, and they feel degraded that they should by necessity be driven to go to such places in their time of need. And then the inside of these places is suggestive of underhand methods, if not of actual dishonesty. The rate of interest, reduced somewhat lately by law, is most exorbitant, but the most cruel feature of the whole business is the very small valuation the pawnbrokers place upon articles sought to be pledged. Probably few readers of the WEEKLY have had any experience with such places, but this is what the experience would be:

Say that a borrower has a trusty time-piece, a gold watch for which $150 has been paid. He is strapped, and needs to secure a loan. He sneaks through the dingy door beneath the three golden balls, and seeks the seclusion of a narrow stall, where he can see and be seen of the broker, but be out of the range of the other unlucky or lucky customers, accordingly as they came by the property they are disposing of. He hands out his watch. The broker examines it pretty thoroughly, but quickly, and tests the metal of the case. "How much do you want on this?" the broker will ask with a gruff voice and a contemptuous look at the inoffensive time-piece. Then will the inexperienced borrower be staggered by embarrassment. Very naturally he will name the amount he happens to need—say fifty dollars. The broker will shake his head, put down the watch, and seem to end the negotiation. "What will you lend?" the owner of the watch will then timidly ask. "Oh, ten dollars, not more," will be the final answer. And nine times out of ten the borrower will take this rather than nothing. Such is the case with a watch and with a man who does not look entirely desperate. With other and more forlorn people, and in cases where the articles are of less value, the amount lent is very much less in proportion to that value. On a plain gold ring a broker will lend something like one-half of its bullion value.

Pawn shops are recognized by the law as necessary, but the business is so hedged about by regulations that its character is declared by the law. For instance, the places are licensed; they must keep books always subject to examination by any duly authorized person or police justice; they must give written receipts for all property pawned, and must retain this property one year before selling it. Sales of pledged articles must be at public auction, and pawnbrokers are forbidden to buy this property thus sold. This latter is a wise provision, but it is very probably a dead letter and not enforced. For articles so sold pawnbrokers must give an account when demanded, with the name of the purchaser and the amount received. If there be a surplus, this must be paid to the borrower. This in the majority of cases is also a dead letter, as in nine cases out of ten the person who pledges anything and permits it to be sold never makes any further inquiry of the broker. Pawnbroking as now conducted is one of the most profitable businesses in the great cities, and the fact that the shops are most numerous in localities where the people are poorest shows that these great profits are mainly made from the very poor, or from those who are rapidly sinking into that condition. The convenience that such places are to thieves does not concern the Charity Organization Society in the movement to take some of this business away from the places of the golden balls.

At the suggestion of Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason, the Society has concluded to form from its members and from others a corporation to be known as the Provident Loan Company, with a capital of $100,000. In order that the company shall not fall into the hands of undesirable persons who would seek to make profits out of the business, it will be stipulated that no transfer of stock shall be made without the consent of the Board of Directors, which shall consist of nine shareholders. The articles of association, or the charter, if a special charter be obtained, will stipulate that no dividends shall be paid in stock or securities or in anything but cash, and that these dividends shall not be greater than six per cent. per annum. Such a provision, it is hoped, will keep the institution within charitable lines, and remove as far as possible the temptation for its capture by selfish persons for the sake of its accumulations and earnings. Another stipulation in the same direction will be that should the reserve fund accumulate above the estimated needs of the company, the directors shall either reduce the rate of interest to borrowers or distribute the surplus to public or private philanthropic corporations or societies.

Now this loan company will do a kind of pawn shop business, and be to the poor somewhat as is the Mont-de-Piété in the Latin countries. So that the company may be a kind of branch of the Charity Organization Society, it will be the policy of the company to give preference to such borrowers as are recommended by this Society and kindred organizations. So far as the poor are concerned who have come within the ken of these societies such a stipulation will be very well; but here again will come in the very difficulty before mentioned that frequently makes inoperative the well-intended efforts of these organizations. A man or woman may be in a temporary stress of poverty, where actual starvation seems the next thing in order. Still such persons may shrink from any investigation out of a delicacy of feeling highly creditable. To such, if they must expose their wounds or lay bare their sores, the old shop of the golden balls will be the place to go. But still there is a ripe field for this new company, and it will doubtless prosper, and also do a much-needed service to the poor.

DOMESTICATING WILD BIRDS.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THE domestication of wild birds has grown apace in this country since bird-fanciers have sought to perpetuate the useful and ornamental qualities of wild game according to the rules of cross-breeding and judicious selection. All of the various breeds of domesticated fowls originally descended from a few wild forms, and the present flocks have frequently been improved by the infusion of new blood from the wild game. One of the greatest and most fatal objections to the taming of wild birds that have some actual value, either as possessing some quality of use or beauty, is the lack of all disposition among certain species to perpetuate their kind under the new conditions imposed upon them. The birds of prey very rarely mate in captivity, and it is exceptional when they produce fertile eggs and rear their young. Prolific as the parrot is in its native country, it rarely breeds in captivity, and the smaller graminivorous birds do not produce their kind as freely as when wild. Many of the cranes and large waders refuse to breed when domesticated, although they may be tamed so as to live contentedly in the yard surrounding the house.

On the other hand, the pigeons, ducks, and geese take kindly to domestication, and, with only a few notable exceptions, they breed as freely in captivity as when free. There is an uncertain line drawn between the different species of wild birds in this respect which cannot be accurately stated until experiment has decided and tested the question. It was generally believed for many years that the ostrich could not be domesticated and its fertility retained, but experiment has shown that when removed thousands of miles from its native haunts, it can be induced to produce its kind. Our common partridge, found in the woods all around us, will not do what the ostrich will when taken far away from its desert plains and tropical forests. The partridge rarely breeds even in large aviaries; but the grouse is not so obstinate in this respect, while the pheasant breeds quite freely.

Lately many private and public parks have been stocked with wild birds, and the domestication of many of the most useful species seems shortly to be realized in this country. The English and common pheasants offer the widest field for experiment in the work, and several large preserves in the country have been devoted almost exclusively to the rearing of these beautiful birds. American fanciers are also devoting more attention to the grouse and prairie hen, both of which are closely related to the pheasant. In the early days of our country's history these two birds stretched in almost endless numbers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but owing to the gradual settlement of the States, they are now found only in special localities. The prairie-hen in particular is limited to the west of the Mississippi. The spruce-partridge is a species of grouse that breeds in confinement, but is now seldom found south of Canada. It was very plentiful at one time in the New England States, but with the exception of a few game parks where it is kept, the bird is seldom seen in this country. The Virginia partridge has also been semi-domesticated, and abounds in several large game preserves in the Southern States, where it is highly prized by sportsmen and epicures. Along with the quails, they have habits which make them excellent game for the gunners, and they are raised chiefly for the sport which they afford the owners during the gunning season. Several game preserves, consisting of thousands of acres of cheap pine land, are now stocked with both of these birds in Virginia and the two Carolinas.

In Ireland and Norway the eider-duck has long been partly domesticated, and it has been given all of the protection necessary to make it breed on the rocky islets along the coast. The natives construct artificial nests for the birds, which are considered as much private property as an acre of garden land, and each owner of the "eider-fold" robs the nests annually of the eggs and the down with which the birds line them. A few of the eggs are allowed to hatch every season, so that the numbers of the ducks are not depleted. The great value of the eider-down has led many enterprising people along the Newfoundland coast and on the north Pacific coast to protect and encourage the ducks to breed on the rocky shores. For a time their numbers were greatly lessened by persecution, but they are gradually becoming semi-domesticated through the efforts of the inhabitants to secure their rich feathers and eggs.

In Texas another domesticated bird of considerable merit has been introduced to the barn-yard. It is really a hybrid between the guan of Mexico and South America and the common fowl. The guans live in colonies of thousands along the South American coast, and they are so easily tamed that they are domesticated by the Mexicans for ordinary purposes. They do not breed, however, in this domesticated state unless crossed with the common fowl, when they become valuable in many ways. They often grow as large as a turkey, and are superior to any game fowls in fighting. The Texans in all of their cock-fights try to raise cocks that have some guan blood in their veins. It gives them more weight, muscle, endurance, and pluck.

Along the South American shore, living in small flocks in the tropical forests as far north as Mexico, the curassows, or Mexican pheasants, are found by the traveller. In several parts of the southern countries these pheasants have been domesticated, and recently a number of them have been sent further north to breed in our warm States. Before the French Revolution several pairs of the Mexican pheasants were taken to Holland, where they were domesticated and acclimatized; but the war which followed completely broke up the pedigree of the birds, and they were lost completely. The flesh of the pheasants is very white, and the plumage brilliant and effective. They are about the size of the ordinary turkey, and being arboreal in their habits, they make excellent birds for sport. They roost among the branches of the trees even in domestication, and seldom descend to the ground unless for food. They are pheasants which are distinctively American, and when domesticated they rival the celebrated English pheasant in beauty and usefulness.

The great game preserves in this country where the various wild birds are being bred for sporting purposes have not yet been thoroughly stocked with all of the North American birds of value, but bird-fanciers are rapidly introducing new species. The preserves are generally in some wild part of the country where the land is cheap and the conditions similar to those of the primitive forest where the birds originally lived. The South and East have more of these stocked parks or grounds than the West, and several hundred thousand acres are devoted to the work. With the varied climate of the country, nearly all of the semi-domesticated birds of the world can be kept successfully in some of the parks. No other country offers such fine facilities for game preserves as the United States, and the birds themselves are at hand in abundance for stocking.

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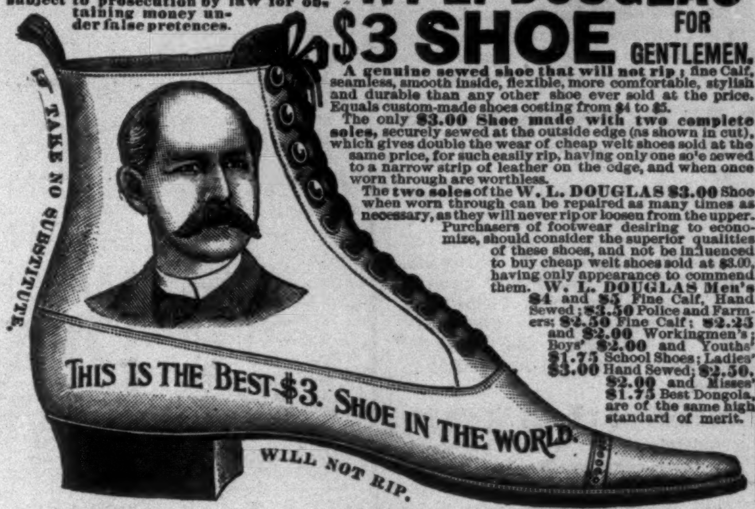
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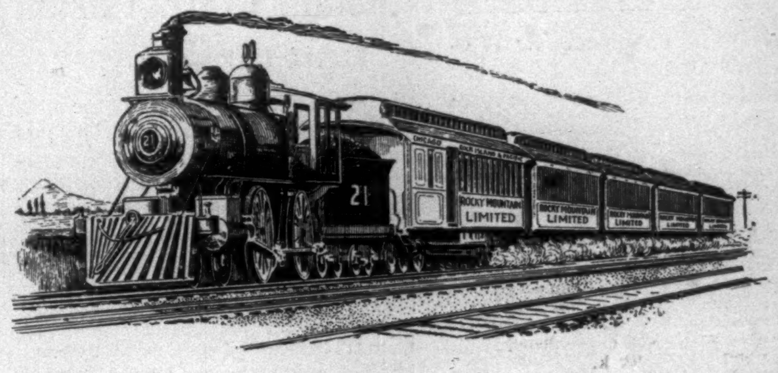

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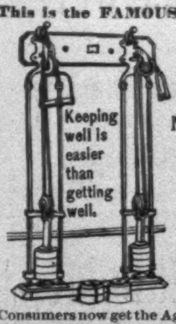
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